BARNABAS and BOANERGES:

OR,

WINE and OYLE for Afflicted Soules.

Poured forth & applied in Consolatory { Promises, Prayers, and Soliloquies.

By FRA. QUARLES.

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THE WEARIE MANS *Burthen* and *Reſt*.

GOD, who in himſelfe is the fulneſſe and perfection of all Glorie, who needed no tongue to praiſe it, no pen to expreſſe it, no worke to magnifie it, created a world for his own pleaſure, furniſht it of his own goodneſſe, made *Man* out of his own mere motion, appointed him his *Lievtenant* here upon earth, and as a *witneſſe* and an *inſtrument* of his glory, the ſole end of his *Creation*. But *Man* grew

proud, transgreſt againſt hi
firſt Commandement, and fell
and by his *fall* deſtroyed hi
then unborn *Poſteritie*: *Sinn*
entred the world, and *death* b
ſinne, and I poore miſerabl
creature, born in ſinne, hav
turned his glory to diſhonour
my due obedience to rebelli-
on and my happineſſe into e
ternall *death*. How intollera
ble is the *Burthen* of this ſin
how inſufferable is the weigh
of my offences! If I but thin
of *heaven*, it clogs my *contem*
plations; If I but pray to hea
ven, it preſſes down my devo
tion: I have loſt the *favou*
of my God, I have fruſtrate
the end of my *creation*, I hav
broke the peace of my *conſc*
enc

ence, I have clipt the wings of my *faith*, I have daſht the comfort of my *hopes*: Good Angels have forſaken me, my conſcience hath accuſed me, Gods *Prophets* have condemned mee, and Hell gapes for me: What ſhall I doe? Or whither ſhall I flee? ſhall I ſeek to *Angels*? Alas I have turned them away diſpleaſed: They will not hear me, or if they would, they cannot help me. Shall I flee to my owne *Conſcience*? alas that will fly on me. Shall I truſt to my own *Merits*? alas they are falſe *Lights*, and will light me to my own *Ruine*. Or ſhall I take the wings of the *Morning*, and fly to the utmoſt

parts of the earth? alas, m
ſins wil follow me, my ſins wi
haunt me whereſoever I goe.
Poore miſerable man that
a n, who ſhall deliver me fro
this burthen? Poore miſerabl
man that I am, who ſhall re
leaſe me frō this bondage? I
there no *Comfort* for a poor
diſtreſſed *Soule*? Is there n
eaſe for a poore diſconſola
ſinner? Is there no *Balſome* fo
a wounded *Heart*? No *Refu*
for a guiltie Penitent? O m
foul, why art thou ſo ſade? an
why is thy ſpirit ſo diſquiete
within thee? Put thy truſt
God, who hath ſadi;

*Come unto mee all you th
are heavy laden, and I wil gi
you reſt.* Matth. 11. 28.

Tho

Thus ſaith the Lord: Stand yee in the old wayes, and ſee and aske for the old pathes where is the good way, and walke therein, and yee ſhall finde reſt for your ſoules.

Jer. 6. 16.

The redeemed of the Lord ſhall returne, and come with ſinging unto Sion, and everlaſting joy ſhall be upon their heads: They ſhall obtaine gladneſſe and joy: and ſorrow and mourning ſhall fly away.

Iſay 51. 11

Take my yoke upon you and learne of me, for I am meeke and lowly in heart, and yee ſhall have reſt unto your ſoules

Matth. 11. 29.

Doeſt thou fear povertie?

Chriſt

Chriſt calls the poore man bleſſed: Art thou afraid of labour? paines are the parents of a Crown. Art thou hungry? Faith feares no famine. God the Generaliſſimo of the world, with his Militia of Angels beholds thy Combate, and prepares for thy laborious victory a Crown of everlaſting reſt.

Hierom. in Epiſt.

Sow thy heart with diverſe ſeeds, with faſting, prayers, reading, almes, that the end of thy labour may be the harveſt of thy reſt.

Aug. de Virgin.

HIS SOLILOQVY.

TRue, my Soule if thou ſhouldſt only caſt an eye upon the *Letter* of the Law, that Letter would ſoone caſt thee and condemne thee: or if thy onely Object were the baſe *Corruptions* of thy ſinfull heart, there were ſufficient cauſe to juſtifie that condemnation: or hadſt thou nothing elſe to truſt to but thine owne *Abilities*, thy caſe were too too miſerable for expreſſion: or ſhouldſt thou ſeriouſly conſider that glorious Majeſtie thou haſt offended, there were no hopes for conſolation. But, O my ſoule there is a Goſpel to mitigate

the rigour of that *Letter*; there is a Chancery to moderate the severity of that *Law*: There is a Saviour to mediate betwixt that God & thy *offences*. Art thou in bondag? O my soule, here is *freedome*: Art thou dejected? here is *Comfort*, art thou pursued? here is a *Refuge*. Art thou overburthen'd? here is *Rest*. Art thou condemned? here is *Pardon*. Appeale therefore from the throne of *Iustice* to the seat of *Mercy*: from the *justice* of *Iehovah* to the mercie of thy *Iesus*; deny thy self and he will own thee, empti thy selfe, and he will fill thee. Let not thy *sins* affright thee, he hath satisfied: Let not *Hell* dismay thee, hee hath suffered

ed: let not the *first* death trou-
ble thee, he hath ſweetned it:
let not the *ſecond* death terrifie
thee, he hath cõquered it: Fear
not to *come* to him, for he hath
called thee: Fear not to *pray*
to him, for he will hear thee.

HIS PRAYER.

O GOD, whoſe perfect
glorie needed not the
helpe of *Man*, yet madeſt him
for thy *Glory*, wherin conſiſted
his eternall *happines*; I a poore
ſon of *Adam*, fallen by his *ſin*,
and wallowing in mine owne
corruptions, lye proſtrate here
before the foot-ſtoole of thy
Mercie-ſeat, acknowledging
my grievous *ſins*, and humbly

beging *pardon* for my manifold *transgressions*. How infinite is thy *mercy*, O God, that hast not spared thy only Son, but made his precious *Blood* a ransome to redeem me from the jaws of *Death*! I have made my selfe a great *Delinquent*, & thou hast appointed *Him* my gracious *Advocate*. I have made my self a *sinner*, and he hath given himself to be my *Saviour*: To thee therefore, O my blessed *Iesus* whose *death* is my deliverance I flee. Before thee (who art most merciful, thē I am miserable) I fall: thy *Mercies* have invited me, thy *Merits* have emboldned me, to present my groans before thy gracious eares

and

and to lay my burthen upon thy dying shoulders: O *Lambe* of God, which takst away the sins of the world, have mercy upon me: O *Lamb* of God that takest away the burthen of my sins, have mercy upon me, and grant me thy *Rest*: O thou that tookst my flesh upō thee, grant mee thy *Spirit*; Sanctifie my *thoughts*, be mercifull to my *sins*, be gracious to my *prayers*: Let the *intercession* of thy Merits restore me to the favour of my *God*. Let the freenes of thy mercy release me frō the burthen of my *conscience*. Weane me from my self: Direct me in thy *waies*: Be thou my *Rest*, be thou my *Refuge*. Fix thou my wavering *Faith*: Recall my wandering

wandering *Hopes*: Give thy *Angels* charge over me, who have so oft sent grieved away: establish me with a free *Spirit*, & restore me to the joy of thy *Salvation*: Let that *Power* that cals me, enable me to come, & let my coming be rewarded in thy *Promise*: Let thy *Word* comfort me: Let thy *Truth* conduct me, & let thy *Spirit* counsel me that being releev-ed by the bounty of thy *grace*, released frō the *Burthen* of my sins, and redeemed by the vertue of thy Bloud, I may come to thee with the *Confidence* of a son, and be received of thee in the *Compassion* of a Father: and after this life of *grace* live with thee in thy kingdom of Glory.

THE

THE SINNERS
Sentence and Sanctuary.

O The miserable condition of *Man-kind!* what loads of self-made *misery* is fallen upon the sons of men! Man that had once a power *not to fall*, hath not now the wil to *stand*: & being faln by his ambitious *wil*, hath lost the power to *rise* He was ereated *good*: but not content with such a goodnes, grew covetous to increase it by the knowledge of that which (being knowne) deprived him of that goodnes. *Evil* hee desired to know: and not knowing the misery of that knowledge, by that knowledge be-

became miserable. That God the sweetnes of whose *presence* was the perfectiō of mans *felicity*, he rebelliously declined. And, being the *Favourite* of Heaven, made himself a *Firebrand* of hel, & I his miserable childe, am made more miserable by my own *offences*. What *mercy* can I expect from this just God, whose *Iustice* I have so oft offended? What *Iudgement* may I not suspect from that merciful God, whose *mercy* I have so oft abused? Is not the practice of my life, Sinne? Are not the *wages* of my sin *death*? If one *sin* destroyed a world of men shal not a *world* of sins destroy one man? I that have not feared to provoke his

Iustice

Iustice, am now afraid to thinke him *Iust*: I that have slighted, his mercy, have now no warrant to hope him merciful: Hee that made the Eye, can he choose but see? Hee that sees all things, beholds he not my sin? Can he behold my sin, and not punish? Can he punish, and I not confounded? What am I poore dust and ashes to stand before so great an *Enemy*? Did he not create me for his *service*, and shall not his hand destroy me for my *Rebellion*? What *Advocate* shall plead my cause? What *Sanctuary* shal secure me? Shal that *Blood* save mee which I have spilt? Will that *Iudge* quite mee, which I have

crucified? Shall I present my prayers to heaven? Alas my very prayers wil return like *Thunderbolts* upon my head. Shall I lay my sinnes before the eye of heaven? Ah me! I dare not, lest they draw down vengeance into my bosome. Be not afraid, my soule, Gods *mercy* far transcends thy misery. Cheare up, where sin abounds, there grace abounds much more. O now my soule depart in peace, for thine eyes shall see thy *salvation*. Open thine eares and hear what the Spirit saith.

He that beleeveth in me shall never dye. John 11. 16.

The just shall live by faith. Rom. 1. 17.

God

God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever beleeveth in him, shall not perish, but have everlasting life. John 3. 16.

Beleeve in the Lord Jesus, and thou shalt be saved, and thy household. Acts 16. 31.

Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that heareth my word, and beleeveth in him that sent me, hath everlasting life, and shal not come into condamnation, but is passed from death unto life. John 5. 24.

The faith of the true Catholique religion, is the light of the soule, the gate of life, and the foundation of eternall happinesse. Chryost.

Man enjoyes all things in him-

himselfe that enjoyes himself but he only enioyes himself that enioyes his God, and he alone enioyes his God, that believes in him. Cassiod.

No greater treasure then the true Catholique faith: it gives to the blind light: to the sick health: to sinners, repentance: to the penitent, salvation. August.

His Soliloquy.

BUT is thy misery, O my soule, greater then his *mercie?* Tis true, the practice of thy life is *sinne*, but the practice of his Mercy is *pardon*. The wages of thy sin is death, but the merits of his death

life. Art thou afraid to thinke the God of vengeance, *just?* & wel thou mayest, if thou deny the God of Mercy to be *merciful:* Old *Adam* hath run thee in debt, and young *Adam* hath paid the *score*, & wilt thou not acknowledge it? O my destruftfull soule, darken not the Sun-shine of his power with the clouds of thy *Infidelity.* Eclipse not the illustrious body of his Mercy, with the interposition of thy *despaire.* Think not thy great Creator is thine enemy, when thy gracious *Redeemer* is thy friend. Hast thou sinned against thy Creation? thou art obsolv'd by thy *Redemption.* Art thou penitent for thy Rebellion?

thy

thy peace is made by thy *Redeemer*. But thou hast shed th Saviours *Bloud*: Take com fort, that very bloud whic thou hast spilt, will save thee But thou hast crucified th Lord of glory: the Lord o glory whom thou hast cruc fied, hath crucified thy sinne Fear not then my soule, to fl to such a *Friend*, whose arm are open to embrace thee whose eyes are open to b hold thee, whose lips are o pen to plead for thee, who wounds are open to ease th paines, whose eares are o pen to heare thy prayers.

HIS PRAYER.

O GOD, that madeſt all things to ſerve man, that man might the more cheerefully ſerve thee, that gaveſt him power to continue in that perfect ſtate thou madeſt him, and a will to uſe that power to thy glory & his own comfort. I the unhappy ſon of my unhappy parents, made more unhappy by mine own tranſgreſſions, do here in all humilitie and contrition, acknowledge my ſelfe the miſerable ſubject of thy utter wrath: Lord, I have loſt the power to do what thou commandeſt, & am only left to ſuffer what thy diſpleaſure ſhall lay upon me:

But

But yet, O God, thy mercie is no leſſe infinite then thy juſtice, & far more infinite then my ſins, & haſt promiſed life to all Beleevers. Give therefore duſt and aſhes leave, O Lord, to claime this gracious *Promiſe*, and what thou haſt commanded to bee done, O give me power to doe. Enter not into judgement with thy ſervant, O Lord, for in thy ſight ſhall no fleſh be juſtified: Looke not upon thy ſervant, O God, but through the Bloud of thy *Son*; and let the merits of a Saviour, out-cry the demerits of a ſinner. Remember not what I a ſinner have done, but call to thy remembrance what he my Saviour

viour hath ſuffered; O let his bloudie *ſweat* anoint my bleeding wounds, and accept his *death* as the full wages of my offences. Lord, I am ſicke, I flee to him as my *Phyſician*; I am a treſpaſſer, I flee to him my *Advocat*; I am a ſuter, I flee to him my *Mediator*; I am a Delinquint, I flee to him my *Sanctuary*: I am a ſinner, I flee to him my *Saviour*: Let the ſhamefullnes of his *death* expiate the ſinfulnes of my life: & let the willingnes of his *Obedience* ſatisfie for the wilfulneſſe of my rebellion: Let my ſins, that cry louder then the ſins of *Cain*, be weiht in his *bloud* which ſpeaks better things then the bloud of *Abel*. Remember

member thy *Promiſes* to thoſe that beleeve: Lord, I beleeve Lord, helpe our beliefe: Quicken my ſoule, with *Faith*: Inflame my affections with *love* and fill my mouth with *prayers*, that knowing him, I may beleeve in him, and beleeving in him, I may love him, and loving him, I may praiſe him with *Hoſannaes* here in the Church militant, and *Hallelujahs* here after in the church Triumphant.

THE POORE MANS Want and Supplie.

GOd that created all things for mans uſe, created man for his ſervice, who by the ac-

com

commodation of all the *Creatures* might be enabled the better to doe service to his *Creator*: But when the proud disloyaltie of man rebelled, the *Creature* that knew not how to serve man on such conditions, returned to his first *Creator*, to be a new dispos'd of by him according to his pleasure. How dare I then presume to expect from his hands what I have dis-inherited my selfe by my rebellion? Or how can a dogge claim any interest in the Childrens *bread*? How dare I a *sinner* intrude into the *portion* of the righteous? And if the righteous only shall inherit the land, in what quarter lyes mine inheritance? If *blessings* be the proper dues of *sons*,

what is due to mee the greate
of all *sinners*? I am no Sonne
and therefore no *heire*, that in
somuch what I possesse I enjo
not by *right*, but *usurpation*
What have I that I can ca
mine owne? Or wherein ca
my *title* prove a *right*? I a
wretched, for I am a *sinner*:
am *poore*, for I want the thing
have: I am *blind*, for I canno
see my wants: I am *naked*, fo
I cannot hide my shame. I ca
challenge nothing but my sin
my sorrow, my punishment, m
shame: I can see nothing bu
that I am wretched and poore
and blind, and naked: I can ex
pect nothing, but what I fir
must receive: I can receive no
thing, but what must first be
give

given: Nothing can bee given but by *Prayer*: Prayer hath no vertue but by *Faith*, and whatsoever is not of Faith is *sinne*. How then shall I supplie this *emptinesse*? By what meanes shall I relieve my *wants*? By what *Art* shall I clear this *blindnesse*? What cloathes shall hide my *nakednesse*: If I pray for what I want, I feare I shall not want what I deserve: I am a *Prodigall*, and have spent my *talent*: I have divorst my presence from my angrie *Father*: I am not worthie to be called his *sonne*, and he too worthie to be called my *Father*: I have forsaken my God, and his *blessings* have forsaken mee: I that have banisht my selfe from my *Fa-*

thers bounteous table, am now marshalled among swine. Returne, returne thee, O my Soule into thy Fathers Armes: Confesse thy wants, and his mercie will relieve thee, who saith,

Whatsoever yee shall aske my Father in my Name, he shall give it unto you.

John 16. 23.

And this is the confidence we have in him, if ye aske any thing according to his will, hee heareth us, if wee know hee heareth us whatsoever we aske, we know we have the petitions we desire of him. 1 John 5. 14, 15.

Whatsoever yee aske in my name, that will I doe, that the Father may bee glorified in the Son: If yee aske any thing in my Name

Name, I will doe it.

Iohn 14. 13.

Ask, and it ſhall be given you: Seeke, and ye ſhall finde: Knocke, and it ſhall be opened to you.

Matth. 7. 7.

He asked life of thee, and thou gaveſt it him even length of daies for ever and ever. Pſal. 21. 4.

Hee that obeyes not the Law of God, obtaines not the thing hee deſires of God: But if wee faithfully perform what he commands, wee ſhall doubtleſſe receive what we deſire.

Iſador.

We have all things in Chriſt, and Chriſt is all things in us: If we are ſicke, he is a Phyſitian: If wee feare death, hee is life: If in darkenes, he is light: If in want,

he is abundance: If hungrie, he is food: If thirstie, he is drinke: If miserable, he is mercy: If covetous of heaven, he is the way.

Ambrose.

HIS SOLILOQVY.

IF thy owne righteousnesse only interest thee in heaven, or hadst thou no better title to the blessing of earth, then from thy selfe, how vaine were the merits of a *Saviour*, and how poore were the estate of a *sinner?* But having no righteousnesse but in *Him*, thou hast no interest in anie blessing but by *Him*. Art thou poore in estate, O my soul finde *Him*, and thou art *rich*. Art thou wretched? Seek *Him* and thou hast happinesse. Bliss

ded with errour, seeke *Him*, and thou art enlightned with *truth*. Naked, finde *Him*, and thou shalt bee cloathed with *Robes*. Challenge nothing but thy sin, and thou shalt enjoy all things by thy *Repentance*. Be sensible of thy miserie, and thou art capable of his *Mercy*. Hast thou wasted thy portion with the *Prodigall*? return to thy *Father*, like the *Prodigall*. Acknowledge thy own unworthinesse, and thy *Fathers indulgence* will imbrace thee. Let not the sense of thine owne *wretchednesse* discourage thee, nor the feare of his *displeasure* dishearten thee, Can an earthly mother forget her *child*? And canst thou distrust the mercies of an heavenly Fa-

ther? Go then my ſoul: Flee into his boſome by *contrition*, groan thy ſorrows in his eare by penitent *confeſſion*: He that hath called thee, wil accept thee: He that hath commanded thee to pray, will heare thy *Prayer*.

HIS PRAYER.

O God, that art the Creator and giver of all good things by which wee are either made the more ſerviceable to thee, or the more inexcuſable in neglecting thy ſervice, I a poore off-caſt among the ſons of *Adam*, who like the *Prodigall* have miſpent thy precious bleſſings, doe here return from *Huſks* and *Harlots*, and the lewd *concupiſcence* of

my

my affections, to thee my gracious God, to thee, O my offended *Father*: I have usurpt thy favours, intruded into thy blessings, and like a *Dogge* devoured the Childrens *Bread*: O God, my wants are great: Nay, what I have, I want, in wanting Thee, that art all goodnesse, and *All* in *All*: But yet thy gracious promise hath invited me to call on thee in my necessities: Be it therefore, O God, according to thy *Word*: Thy Word is *Truth*: Thy Truth is everlasting: Lord, as thou made mee sensible of my wants, so make me capable of thy relieſe. Remove my wretchednesse by thy Mercie: Relieve my *povertie* by thy all-sufficient Grace: Re-

cover my *blindneſſe* by thy light: Cover my *Nakedneſſe* with thy Robe: Be thou my *Portion*, O God, and let thy *Lawes* be mine inheritance. Heare the *needy* when hee calls upon thee, and helpe the *poore* that hath no helper. Thou art my hope, O God, thou art my truſt even from my mothers wombe. Make me ſufficient for thy Grace, and thy Grace ſhall be ſufficient for me: Provoke in my ſoule a thirſt after Righteouſneſſe, that I may take and drinke the Cup of thy ſalvation. Teach me to *aske* according to thy pleaſure, and grant my requeſts according to thy promiſe. Strengthen my faith in all my *Supplications*, and give me *Patience* to expect thy leiſure.

leisure. What I possesse, O God, let me enjoy in *Thee*, & *Thee* in it: relieve my *necessities*, according to thy will, and let thy pleasure limit my desires: in my *prosperitie*, let me not forget thee, and in my adversitie let me not forsake thee: With *Iacobs* wealth, Lord give mee *Iacobs* blessing: With *Lazarus* want, O give me *Lazarus* reward: Both in want and wealth give me a contented minde: Both in prosperitie and adversitie give mee a thankfull heart. Lord, heare my prayer for thy mercies sake, for my miseries sake, for thy promise sake, for my Iesus sake, to whom be glorie and praise for ever and ever.

THE

THE FORGETFVLL Mans complaint and Remembrancer.

WEe are GODS *Husbandry*, our hearts are the *soyle*, whereof some is more fruitfull, some more barren, and both unprofitable. His holy Word is the *seed*, which some-times falls upon a *leane ground*, sometimes upon *stony*, sometimes upon *good ground*: The *cares* of the world are like *thornes* that spring up and choak it; *Persecutions*, like a sowltrie summer, scorches it: The *lusts* of the flesh, like the fowles of the aire, which wait upon the *Plough*, & licenced by the *prince* of

of the ayre devour it. How many dis-advantages, O God, attend upon thy *Husbandry?* how many losses lessen thy *increase?* how many accidents make thy *soile* unfruitfull, and thy *Harvest* easie & unprofitable? To what purpose doe I tile my *land*: To what advantage doe I stirre my *fallowes?* I have no sooner sowed my willing *ground*, but the seed is stollen away. I bring into the *Sanctuary* a prepared *heart* I heare *glad tidings* with a chearefull eare, and then repose them in a joyfull breast: But when I look into my hopefull *Magazine*, behold there's nothing there but *emptinesse* and *vanity*. The ioys of what gaind were swallowed with the griefe

of

of what I loſt. No ſooner had I ſet my Portalls open to let in the *King* of Glory, but loe the ſlightnes of my *entertainment* turn'd him out againe. I hid my *Saviour* in the Sepulcher of my Soule, and they have taken away my *Lord*, and I know not where they have laid him. My Beloved with-drew himſelf and is gone, and I have ſought him, but I could not finde him. O trecherous *Memorie*, how haſt thou betrayed my *reſt*! how haſt thou loſt the Balſom of thy Soule! How art thou heedleſſe in preſerving what my poore ſoul was ſo earneſt in purſuing! How canſt thou chooſe but feele the ſtrock of death, having thus loſt the word of *life*? What

ſhall

ſhall now comfort thee in thy *Affliction*, O what ſhall ſtrengthen thee in thy *Temptation?* or what ſhall winde up the *plummets* of thy ſoul in *Deſperation?*

Cheare up my ſoule the *Pearl* which thou haſt loſt, is hidden in thy *field*, and time ſhall bring it forth: when ſharp *Afflictions* ſhall plough up the fallowes of thy heart, this Pearle ſhall then appeare and comfort thee. Turn and read what the Spirit ſaith.

The holy Spirit ſhall bring to your remembrance whatſoever I have ſaid unto you. Joh. 14. 26.

When the Comforter ſhall come, whom I will ſend from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, he ſhall teſtifie of me. Iohn 15. 26.

The

The Annointing which ye have received of him abides in you, and ye need not that any man teach you, but as the same annointing teaching you of all things, and is truth, and is no lye, and even as it hath taught you, ye shall abide in him.

1 John 2. 27.

Take no thought how or what ye shall speake, for it shall be given you at the same houre what ye shall speake. Matth 10. 19.

After what manner works the holy Spirit in us? It instructs, it moves, it admonishes: It instructs the Reason, it moves the Will, it admonishes the Memory. Greg. in morall.

There is no dulnesse where the holy Spirit is Teacher, no for-

get-

getfulneſſe where the holy Spirit is Remembrancer.

Bede.

The holy Spirit is an Antidote againſt ſeven poyſons: It is wiſedome againſt folly, quickneſſe of apprehenſion againſt dulneſſe, faithfulneſſe of memory againſt forgetfulneſſe, fortitude againſt feare, knowledge againſt ignorance, piety againſt profanneſſe, humility againſt pride.

Greg.

HIS SOLILOQVY.

THe ſtrongeſt City (when force without and teacherie within aſſailes it) muſt yeeld: And canſt thou expect, O my ſoule, to be inpregnable? Haſt thou

thou the *Devill* and the *world* without thee, and so many Regiments of lusts within thee, yet thinkst thou to sustain no losse? Art thou so unexperienced in the Christian warre, to think thy *Magazine* safe upon so strong a siege? Thou storest thy heart with plenty of the bread of *life*, and canst thou hope to keep it from the revenews hand of thy own *corruptions*. Thou sowest thy ground with liberall seed, and thinkest thou that Fowls of the ayre (being *Lucifers* owne Regiment) will not rob thee of a share: Thou fillest thy *Treasury* with summes of wealth, and canst thou hope the Troopes within thee will not *plunder* thee? Vex not thy selfe my

my soule; what's taken from thee with too strong an arme shall be no losse to thee: Consent not, but continue loyall and thy *compulsions* shall never wrong thee: If thy domesticke *Rebels* sequester thy whole Estate, thy loyaltie shall preserve thee. Cheare thee, O, then, my soule, the *Comforter* will come, and then thy *Faith* shall be repaied: thy *wrongs* shall be repaired: till then, thy *sufferings* shall be remembred, and then thy *Petitions* shall be regarded.

HIS PRAYER.

O God without whose speciall blessing, and successe, *Paul* plants in vaine and *Apol-*

lo

lo waters to no purpose: that with the influence of thy holy *Spirit*, enricheſt all thoſe hearts from whom thy patience ſhall expect increaſe: I, the worſt piece of all thy Husbandry, do here acknowledge and confeſſe my own barrenneſſe, as moſt unworthy of thy paines. Lord thou haſt often ploughed my heart with *tryalls* and *afflictions*, manured it with the preſence of thy heavenly *Grace*, and ſowed it with his pure *ſeed*: Yet ſuch is the baſe condition of my unfruitfull heart, that either the coldneſſe of the ſoile ſtarves it, or the *cares* of the world choaks it, or the malice of the Devill robs it, that it cannot bring forth encreaſe worthie of thy paines

paines or expectation. Lord, I am thy *Husbandry*, continue thy carefull hand upon me and supply my weakneſſe with thy ſtrength, and make me fruitfull for thy glory: And thou, O God, that haſt given thy word for a *Lamp* unto my feet, and a *light* unto my pathes, ſo open mine eyes, that I may behold the frailty of my fleſh: ſo clear my ſight, that I may avoid the vanities of the *world*. and the ſnares of *Sathan*. Be thou my *Skreen*, to preſerve this Lampe: Be thou my *Lantern*, to protect this light, that the corruptions of my *fleſh* may not obſcure it, that the vanities of the world may not eclipſe it, that the ſuggeſtions of *Sathan* may not conſume

ſume it: Vnlock mine *eares*, that I may hear what thou commandeſt: Lock thou my *memory* that I may retain what I heare. Enlarge my *heart*, that I may practice what I retain: and open thou my lips, that I may praiſe thee in my practice. Conſider, O God, how I love thy *Precepts*, and quicken me according to thy loving kindnes. Hide thy *Word* in my heart, that my wayes may be directed to keep thy *Statutes*. Remember thy word to thy ſervant, upon which thou haſt cauſed me to hope. Behold I am weak, be thou my *helper*: Behold I am comfortleſſe, be thou my *Comforter*. Reſtrain his malice that ſteales thy word from out thy

ground

ound, that when the time omes, thy *Harvest* may bee uitfull, and I thy servant being ound faithfull may enter into y Masters joy, and be recci- ed into eternall Glorie.

THE WIDOWES *Distresse and Reliefe.*

O vaine, so momentarie are the pleasures of this World; o transitorie is the happinesse f mankind, that what with the *xpectation* that goes before it, nd the *cares* that goe with it, nd the *griefes* that follow it, we re not more unhappie in the vanting it, then miserable in he enjoying it: The greatest of ll worldly joyes are but *bubbles* full

full of aire, that break with the fulnesse of their own vanitie and but at best like *Ionahs* Gourd which please us while they last and vex us in the losse: *Past* and *future* happinesse are the miseries of the time *present*, and *present* happines is but the *passage* to approaching miserie, which being transitorie, and meeting with a transitorie *possessour*, perish in the verie using, what was mine *yesterday* in the blessednesse of a full fruition, *to day* hath nothing left of it but a sad remembrance it *was* mine: The more I call to mind the joys I had, the more sensible I am of the miserie I have. My *sunne* is set, my *glory* is darkned, and not one *starre* appeares in the *Firmament* of my

my little world: He from whose loines I came, is taken from mee: He to whose bosome I returned, is taken from me: My Blessings in the one, my Comforts in the other, are taken from mee: And what is left to mee but a poore third part of my self to bewaile the losse of the other two. I that was owned by the tender name of a *Child*, am now known by the off-cast title of an *Orphan*: I that was respected by the honourable title of a *Wife*, am now rejected by the despiseable name of a *Widow*: I that flourisht like a fruitfull *vine* upon the house top, am now neglected and trodden under foote: Hee that like a strong *wall* supported my tender *Branches*, is

fallen, and left my *Clusters* t
the spoile of ravenous *swin*
The *Spring-tides* of my plen
are spent, and I am gravell
on the low *ebbes* of all want
The *Sonnets* of my mirth a
turned to *Elegies* of mourning
My *glory* is put out, and my h
nour grovels on the *dust*: I c
to my *friends*, and they negle
mee: I spread foorth my hand
and there is none to helpe me
My beautie is departed from m
and all my joyes are swallowe
up. But stay my soule, plun
not too farre, shall not hee t
that gave? Cannot hee th
tooke restore? The Lord is t
portion, who saith,

I will be an husband to the W
dow, & a Father to the father
Psal. 68. 5.

Yee ſhall not afflict any Widow or fatherleſſe Childe.

If thou afflict them in any wiſe, and they cry at all unto mee, I will ſurely heare their cry, and my wrath ſhall wax hot, and I wil kill you with the ſword, and your wives ſhall be widowes, and your childen fatherleſſe.

Exodus 22.22,23,24.

I will be a ſwift witneſſe againſt thoſe that oppreſſe the Widow and the fatherleſſe.

Zach. 3. 5.

Pure Religon and undefiled before God and the Father, is this, To viſite the fatherleſſe and Widow in their affliction.

Iames 1. 27.

God is all things to thee: Art thou hungrie? Hee is bread: Art

thou thirstie? Hee is water: Art thou in darknesse? Hee is light: Art thou naked? He is a Robe of eternitie: Art thou a Widow: he is thy Husband: Art thou an Orphan? He is thy Father.

Augustt.

Whatsoever is not God, is not desireable: Whatsoever my God bestowes upon me, let him deprive me of, so as hee leave himself: Let him take away his gifts, so he give mee the Giver.

Augustt.

HER SOLILOQVY.

HOw hath the *Sun-shine* of truth discovered what appeared not by the *Candle-light* of nature! how manie *Atoms* in thy

thy ſoul hath this *Light* deſcribed, which in thy naturall *Twilight* were not viſible! Exceſſive ſadnes for ſo great a *loſſe* can want no arguments from *fleſh* and *bloud*, which arguments can want no weight, if weighed in the partiall *Ballance* of Nature. An husband is thy ſelf *divided*: Thy children thy ſelfe *multiplied*: For whom (when ſnatcht away) God allowes ſome *grains* to thy affections: But when they exceed the allowance, they will not paſſe in heavens account, but muſt bee coin'd againe. Couldſt thou ſo often offend thy God without a teare, and cannot hee my Soule diſpleaſe thee once without ſo manie? Doth the want of ſpiri-

tuall *graces* not trouble thee, and ſhall a temporall loſſe ſo much torment thee? Is thy huſband taken away, and art thou caſt downe? Hath thy God promiſed to be thy Husband, and art thou not comforted? True ſymptomes of more fleſh then ſpirit: Thy husband was the *gift*, thy God the *Giver*, and wilt thou the more diſprize the *Giver* then the *gift*? Be wiſe my Soule, if thou haſt loſt a *man*, thou haſt found a *God*: Having therefore wet thy wings in Natures *ſhower*, goe and dry them in the GOD of Natures Sunſhine.

HER

HER PRAYER.

O God, in the knowlede of whom is the perfection of all joy, at whose right hand *pleasures* are evermore: that makest the *Comforts* of this life momentarie, that we may not overprize them, and yet hast made them requisite, that we may not undervalue them: I a late *sharer* in this worldly happines but a sad *witnesse* of its vanity, doe here addresse my selfe to thee the only *crown* of all by joyes, in whom there is no *variablenes* nor shadow of *change*. Lord thou diddest give me what my unthnkafulnes hath taken from me, but thou hast taken from me

vvhat thy goodnes hath promi-
sed to supply: Thou hast given
and thou hast taken, blessed be
thy Name for ever. Thou then
O God, who art not lesse able to
perform, then willing to pro-
mise whose *mercy* is more ready
to bestow, then my misery is to
beg, strengthen my *faith*, that
I may beleeve thy *promise*. En-
courage my *hopes*, that I may
expect thy *performance*. Quick-
en my affections, that I may love
the Promiser. Be thou All in
all to me, that am nothing at all
without thee. Sweeten my mi-
sery vvith the sense of thy mer-
cy, and lighten my darknesse
with the sun of thy *glory*. Seal in
my heart the assurance of adop-
tion, that I may with boldnesse

call

cal thee my Father. Sanctifie my actions with the Spirit of *meeknesse*, that my conversation may testifie that I am thy childe. Weane my heart from worldly sorrow, lest I mourne like them that have no hope. Be thou my Bridegrome, and let our marriage Chamber be my heart. Own me as thy Bride, and putifie me with the odours of thy Spirit: Prevent me with thy blessings: Protect me by thy Grace: Preserve me for thy selfe: Prepare mee for thy Kingdome. Bee thou a Father, to blesse mee: Be thou a Husband to comfort mee. In the middest of my want, bee thou my plenty: In the depth of my mourning, bee thou my mirth

Raiſe my glorie from the duſt, and then my duſt ſhall ſhew forth thy praiſe: Be thou a wel to ſupport my Vine, and let my branches twine about thee: Let them flouriſh in the Sunneſhine of thy Grace, that they may bring forth fruit to the glory of thy Name.

THE.

AFFLICTED MANS *trouble and deliverance*

WHich way ſoever I turn mine eyes, I ſee nothing but ſpectacles of *miſery* and emblemes of *mortality*: if I look up, there I behold an angry *God*, and I am troubled: Looke downe-

downwards, there I see a prepared *hel*, and I am terrified. Look on my right hand, and there prosperity emboldens me to a secure *presumption*: Look on my left hand, and there adversity enforces me to a sad *despaire*. Look about me, and there I find legions of *temptations* beleaguring me: Look within me, and there I see a guilty *conscience* accusing me: In all which, I perceive nothing but *misery*, nothing but *man*, and in that misery, the *periphrase* of man. Man that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of trouble. Were not mans time short, man were the miserablest of all creatures, and I the miserablest of all men. I am still haunted

haunted with three enemies, the *World* the *Flesh* and the *Devil*. The world troubles mee with her *cares*: The flesh troubles me with *infirmities*: The Devill troubles me with *temptations*: If I am rich, I am troubled with *feares* to lose: If poore, I am troubled with cares to get: If single, troubled to seeke a wife: If married, troubled to please a wife: If I have children, every child is a new trouble: If childlesse, I am as much troubled for an heyre: If sick, troubled with *distempers* and *drugs*: If sound, troubled with *lust* or *labour*: If in my businesse, troubled with *vexation*: If in my devotion, troubled with *distraction*. Man that is born of a woman, hath

but

but a ſhort time, and is full of trouble. Where ſhall I turn me to avoid this *toyle*? What ſteps ſhall I tread to eſcape this trouble? Shall I incline my heart to *mirth*? Mirth is but madnes therefore trouble. Shall I quicken my ſpirits with plenteous *wine*? In much wine is much diſtraction, therefore *trouble*. Or ſhall my wiſer heart ſearch out the bounds of *knowledge*? In much wiſedome, is much griefe, and who increaſeth knowledge, encreaſeth trouble. Whom ſhall I call to ayde? To whom ſhall I addreſſe my ſad complaints? Call to my *kindred*, they diſclaim me: Call to my *friends*, & they deride me: O that I had the wings of a Dove, that I

may

may flee away and be at *rest*. But whether wouldst thou flee? flee from my self, my soul, and haste thee to that voice that sayes,

Call upon me in the time of trouble, and I will hear thee.

He shall call upon me, and I will answere him; I wil be with him in trouble, I will deliver him and honour him. Psa. 91. 15.

He hath delivered me out of all my troubles, and mine eyes have seen their desire upon mine enemies. Psal. 54. 7.

He comforteth us in all our tribulations, that we may be able to comfort them that are in any trouble, by the comfort whereby we our selves are comforted of God 2. Cor. 1. 4.

Thou calledst to me in trou-

ble

ble, and I delivered thee, I answered thee in the secret place of Thunder. Psal. 81. 7.

It is the work and providence of Gods secret counsell, that the dayes of the elect should be troubled in their pilgrimage. This present life is the way to our long home; God therefore in his secret wisedome afflicts our travell with continuall trouble, lest the delight of our journey might take away the desire of our journeys end. Greg.

This life is repleniſht with so many evils, that death is rather a remedy, then a puniſhment God therefore hath made it ſhort, that ſeeing the troubles thereof cannot be remove from us, we may the ſooner be removed from them. Bernard.

HIS SOLILOQVY.

BE wise, my soule, and what thou canst not remedie, endure. Does the world trouble thee? Cling those to him that hath *overcome* the world: Does the *flesh* trouble thee? *Mortifie* the flesh in thy members: Does the *Divell* trouble thee? *Resist* the Divell, and he will flee from thee. Art thou troubled with cares in thy *abundance*? Be not too carefull for *to morrow*: Art thou troubled with wants in thy *Adversity*. Be contented with the Bread of *to day*. Does *sickness* trouble thee? Make use of it, and submit. Does strength of constitution trouble thee with concupi-

concupiſcence? *Faſt and pray.* In thy *vocation* art thou troubled with vexation? Let thoſe *vexations* weane thee, from the world: Is thy devotion troubled with *diſtractions*? Let thoſe diſtractions bring thee cloſer to thy God. Doe loſſes trouble thee? Make *godlineſſe* thy gain Doe Croſſes trouble thee? Make the *Croſſe* thy Meditation: Thus whilſt thou ſtrugleſt againſt the *ſtreame* of Nature, thou ſhalt be carried with a *Gale* of grace and when thy ſtrength ſhall fail thee, a ſtronger arme ſhall ſtrengthen thee; He that brings thee on with courage, wil fetch thee off with conqueſt: Doe what thou canſt, and pray for what thou canſt not.

HIS PRAYER.

O GOD that art the searcher of all hearts, the Revenger of all iniquities, the comfort of all true penitents, whose wayes are inscrutible, whose judgments are intollerable, whose mercy is incomprehensible, I thy afflicted suppliant, sensible of thy displeasure, bewaile the multitude of my offences, and am convinced by my owne Conscience, and thy fatherly corrections: which way soever I look I see nothing but sin and death, nothing but misery. But Lord, so infinite is thy mercy aboue my sinne, and so little

pleasure

pleasure takest thou in the destruction of a sinner, that thou hastcommanded me to cal upon thee in mytrouble, and hast promised to heare me. In due obedience therefore to thy sweet command, and in firme confidence of thy gracious Promise, by bended knees, O God, present thee with a broken heart: thy sacrifice, O God, are a contrite spirit: a broken heart, O Lord thou wilt not despise. Lord, I am weak, strengthen me with thy Grace: mine enemies are strong, weaken them with thy power: Suppresse the cares of the world that so oppresse me: Subdue the exorbitances of the flesh that so molest me: Curb the insolencies of the

Devill

Devill, that so afflict me: Endue my arme with power, and arme my heart with patience. Make haste O God, to hear me, make speed, O Lord to help me. Breake not thy Covenant with thy servant, O God, nor alter what thy lips have uttered. Remember thy promise to thy sonne of thy Hand-maid, for it is my comfort in all my trouble. I call to thee in the time of my distresse, deliver me, O God according to thy Word. Consider O Lord, I am but dust, O magnifie thy power in my weakness. Remember, O God, that I have beene long afflicted, O magnifie thy mercy in my Deliverance. For in death there is no remembrance of thee, and in the

Grave

Grave what tongue can praiſe thee: My bones are vexed, and my ſoule is troubled, but thou, O Lord, how long? how long? Behold my griefes, for they are great: Regard my troubles, for they are many: Quicken my ſoule for thy Names ſake, and bring me out of all my troubles: then ſhall my ſoule rejoyce in thy ſalvation, and magnifie thy Name for ever and ever.

THE DESERTED
Mans miſerie & Comfort.

WHen I conſider but the goodneſſe of my God in offering his gracious favour to me, and my own vileneſſe

nesse in refusing of such gracious offers, I cannot chuse but wonder at his mercy, in that I live and am not snatcht away from the possibility of *repentance*. Ah! what comfort is a *life* that's branded, with the *mark* of death. And what happinesse is this *possibility* of Repentance, which hath no strength to actuate it, but thy own. My soul, in what a case art thou? Into what a miserable state art thou reduced? Thou hast forsaken thy God, and I feare thy God hath forsaken thee. Me thinks I want the glory of that *Sun* that once revived me; Me thinks I lack the Comfort of those *beames* that once refresht me: Me thinkes I feare, where no feare is, and

where

where I most should fear, I find my selfe no whit afraid. Those heavenly *Raptures*, which heretofore surprized my ravisht soul have now no relish in my drowzie eare: Those heart-confounding *judgments*, whose verie whispers in former times would split my soule in sunder, now move not if they thunder. Those sinful thoughts that prest my soule like Milstons, can now be acted and re-acted without a sigh. Those heavenly *Prophets*, whose presence filled me with delight, now trouble not my patience with their absence. My heart is a lump of *dead flesh*, my soule is stricken with a *dead palsie* my affections with a *Lethargie*. My *zeale* is frozen my *faith*

is

is bed-rid, my *charity* is dead, and my greatest *griefe* is that I cannot grieve. The *marke* of *Kain* is upon mee, and I feare that every *beast* that meets me will devoure me. O my Soule, vvhat *comfort* can remain vvith thee, vvhen the God of comfort hath forsaken thee? What safetie canst thou finde, vvhen thou hast lost the God of peace? What would I not forgo that I might re-obtain my God! what pleasure vvould I not abjure, that I might regaine his gracious pleasure. Cheare up, my Soule, vvho gives thee a *heart* to desire, vvil likevvise give thee thy *hearts desire*: let not his seeming absence dismay thee: the sense of his absence is the *Symptome*

tome of his presence: Let his word be an *Antidote* for thy despair, which saith,

For a small moment have I forsaken, but with great mercies will I gather thee. Isay 54. 7.

The Lord thy God is a mercifull God: he will not forsake thee, neither destroy thee, nor forget the Covenant of thy fathers, which he sware unto them. Deut 4. 31.

We are persecuted, but not forsaken. 2. Cor. 4. 9.

I will not faile thee nor forsake thee. Josuah 1. 5.

For thy great Name sake thou didst not utterly consume them nor forsake them, for thou art a gracious and a mercifull God. Neh. 9. 13.

Let no man despaire: Let none conscious of his old sinnes make himselfe uncapable of divine grace: For God knowes how to change his sentence, if man endeavours to forsake his sinne.

Ambrose.

When ever thou feelest the burthen of Temptation too heavy upon thee, call him that is thy helper, invoke thy keeper, and thy aide in all extremities, and say, Lord save us, for we perish: This keeper never sleepes nor slumbers though for a time he seemes afarre off, feare not, He will not leave thee not forsake thee.

Barnard.

HIS SOLILOQVY.

IF thy *breath*, O my ſoule, faile thee but a minute, thou dyeſt: If thy *health* forſake thee a while, thou languiſheſt: If thy *ſleepe* leave thee, thou art diſtempered: No wonder if thy *God* withdrawes, that thou art troubled: Deject not, O my ſoule, nor let thy thoughts deſpaire. Stay thee with his *promiſes*, and comfort thee with his *mercies*. Doſt thou mourn for him? Thou ſhalt be *comforted* in him: Doſt thou thirſt after him? Thou ſhalt be *filled* with him: He that ſuffers not a *cup* of cold water for his ſake to go unrewarded, will not permit a *Teare* for his love to be unre-

garded. He with-drawes, to ſharpen thy deſire: He ſeemes loſt, to enflame the ſeeker: He forſakes thee a while, that hee may be thine for ever: Thou wanteſt him, becauſe thou deſireſt him: Thou deſireſt him, becauſe thou loveſt him,: Thou couldſt not love him, had he not firſt loved thee: and whom he loves, he loves to the end. If thy neglect hath ſent him frõ thee: let thy diligence draw him to thee: If thou haſt loſt him by thy ſinnes, ſeek him by true repentance: and if thou find him by thy prayer, entertain him with thy thankſgiving.

HIS PRAYER.

O God without the *ſun-ſhine* of whoſe gracious eye, the

creature sits in darkneſſe, and the shadow of *death*: whoſe presence is the very *life* and true *delight* of thoſe that love thee: Caſt down thine eye of Pitie upon a loſt *sheep* of *Iſrael*, which hath wandred from thy *Fold*, into the Deſart of his own *luſts*: What *dangers* can I chuſe but meet that have run my ſelf out of thy *Protection*? What *Sanctuary* can ſecure me, that have left the *Covert* of thy wings? What *Comfort* can I expect, O God, that have forſaken thee the God of comfort and conſolation? Return thee, O great *Shepheard* of my ſoule, and with thy *Crook* reduce mee to thy *Fold*: Thou art my *way*, conduck me: Thou art my *light*,

direct mee: Thou art my *life*, quicken mee: Disperse these *clouds* of sinnes, that stand betwixt thy angry face, and my benighted soule. Remove that cursed *barre* which my *Rebellion* hath set betwixt thy deafned eare, and my confused prayers, and let thy comfortable *beames* reflect upon me: Leave me not O God, unto my selfe, O Lord, forsake mee not too long, for in me dwells nothing but despaire, and the terrours of Hell have taken hold of me. Cast me not away from thy presence, and take not thy holy Spirit from me. Remove this heart of stone, and give me, O good God, a heart of flesh, that it may be capable of thy mercies and sensible

ſible of thy judgments: Plant in my heart a feare of thy Name, and deliver my ſoule from carnall ſecurity: Order my affections according to thy will, that I may love what thou loveſt, & hate what thou hateſt: Kindle, my zeale with a cole from thine Alter, and increaſe my faith by the aſſurance of thy love. O holy fire, that alwayes burneſt, and never goeſt out kindle me. O ſacred light that alwayes ſhineſt and art never dark, illuminate me, O ſweet Jeſus, pierce the marrow of my ſoule with the ſhafts of thy love, that it may burn and melt, & languiſh with the only deſire of thee: Let it alwayes deſire thee, and ſeeke thee, and find thee, and ſweetly

rest in thee: Be thou in all my thoughts, in all my words, in all my actions, that both my thoughts, my words, and my actions being sanctified by thee here, I may be glorified by thee hereafter.

THE HVMBLE MANS Depression and exaltation.

HOw more then happy are those sonnes of men, that measure no further ground then from the sacred *Font* unto their peacefull *Grave!* How blessed are those Infants, which never lived to taste those dear bought *penny-worths* of deceitful earth: Alas, there is nothing here but bitter *Pills* of pleasure-gilded griefe: Here is nothing but substantiall

ſtantiall *ſorrowes*, cloathing in the ſhades of falſe delight: Look where I liſt there is nothing can appeare before mine eye, but *ſorrow*, the lamentable object of my miſery. Contemplate where I liſt, here is nothing can preſent before my thoughts but *miſery*, the object of my mourning, My ſoule is a ſparkle of *divine fire*, but quencht with *luſt*: an *Image* of my glorious Creator, but blur'd with *ſin*, a parcel of mortal *immortality*, reſerv'd for *death*. My *underſtanding* is darkned with *errour*, my *judgment* is perverted with *partiality*, my *will* is deverted with *ſenſuality*: my *memory*, like a *Sieve*, retaines the *Bran*, and lets the *flower* paſſe: my

affections are aguish to *good*, and feverish to *evill*: my *faith* wavers: my *hope* tyres: my *charitie*, freezes: my *thoughts* are vain: my *words* are idle, my *actions* sinfull: My *body* is a Tabernacle of *griefe*, an Hospital of *diseases*, a tenitent of *death* a sepulcher of a sinfull *soul*: O my soul, how canst thou own thy self without *dejection*, that canst not view thy self without *corruption*? How art thou enclosed in walls of dust, tempered with a few tears: a lump of earth, quickned with a spane of life. Thy life is short and evill. truly *miserable*, because evill: onely *happy*, because short: When thou endeavourest *good*, thy heart faints: When thou strug-

leſt with evil, thy ſtrength failes. For this my ſoule is humbled, & my ſpirits are depreſt: view my miſerie with *indignation*. But chear up my ſoul, and let not thy thoughts be overpreſt. The *Ball* that is thrown againſt the grond rebounds. Humility is the *Harbinger* of Grace: Art thou humbled? fear not: Doſt thou fear? deſpaire not. Doſt thou deſpair? perſiſt not: Hark what the God of truth hath ſaid,

He that is humble, ſhall bee exalted. Luke 14. 11.

A mans pride ſhall bring him low, but honour ſhall uphold the humble in ſpirit. Pro. 29. 23.

Humble your ſelves under the mighty hand of God, that he may exalt you in due time. 1 Pet 5. 6.

Before

Before honour is humility.

Pro. 15. 33.

When men are cast down, then thou shalt say There is lifting up, and God shall save the humble person. Job 22. 29.

By humility, the members of Christ know how to overcome the pride of the Devill. By this the faithfull command: By this tyranny is conquered: By this the Martyrs are crowned: Neither can there be a perfection of vertue where there is a defect of humility. Cassid.

The Kingdome is glorious, the way to it lyes low: Wilt thou desire thy journeys end, and yet refuse the way. August.

Humility by not seeking, obtaines what it contemns. Amb.

His

HIS SOLILOQVY.

ALl vertues, as well *Theologicall* as *Morall*, are besieged with two *vices*, *Humility*, the fundamentall of all vertues is not exempted: Some puft up with their own lowlinesse, grow proud, because humble, being high minded by an *Antiperistasis*; this is spirituall pride. Others, taking too single a view of their owne corruptions, and more sensible of the disease then of the *remedy*, are cast into despondencie of minde, and this is called *dejection*: The first froths up into *presumption*, the second settles downe into a *despaire*. How canst thou, O my soule in this tempest, escape this *Scylla*?

or

or advoid that *Caribdis*? Didſt thou fear the toſſing *waves*? contract thy *ſayles*? : Feareſt thou the quick-ſands? Uſe thy *Compaſſe*: Hee that ſtills the waves will aſsiſt thee, Hee that commands the Sea, wil adviſe thee: Looke not onely on thy *Loadſtone*, for then thou wilt not ſee thy *danger*, nor only on thy miſerie, for then thou wilt not be ſenſible of thy *deliverance*. If thy *humility* puffe thee up, thou art not fit for mercie. If *dejection* knock thee down, mercie is not fit for thee. Looke up, O my ſoul, to Gods mercie, ſo as thou maiſt be ſenſible of thine own *miſery*: and ſo looke down one thine own miſerie, as thou maiſt be *capble* of Gods mercie.

HIS

HIS PRAYER.

ETernall God, who ſcattereſt the proud in the imaginations of their hearts, and giveſt grace to the humble and contrite ſpirit, bowe down thy gracious eare to mee vile duſt and aſhes, vvhoſe miſerie thus caſts it ſelfe before thy mercie. Lord, I am aſhamed of mine own corruptions, and utterly loath mine condition: I am not an object for mine owne eyes without diſdaine, nor a ſubject for my own thoughts without cõtempt: Yet am I bold to proſtrate my vile ſelfe before thy glorious eyes, and to preſent my ſinfull prayers before thy gracious ears.

Lord,

Lord, if thy mercy exceeded not my miserie, I could look for no compassion, & if thy grace transcended not my sin, I could expect for nothing but confusion. O thou that madest mee of nothing, renew me, that have made my selfe farre lesse then nothing: revive those sparkles in my soul, which lust hath quencht: Clense thy image in mee, which my sin hath blurr'd: Enlighten my understanding with thy truth: Rectifie my judgement with thy word: Direct my will with thy Spirit: Strengthen my memorie to retaine good things: Order my affections, that I may love thee above all things: Encrease my faith, encourage my hope, quicken my charitie, sweeten my

my thoughts with thy grace: season my words with thy Spirit, sanctifie my actions with thy Wisedome, subdue the insolencie of my rebellious flesh, restrain the furie of my unbridled passions, reforme the frailtie of my corrupted nature: encline my heart to desire what is good, and blesse my endeavours that I may do what I desire: give me a true knowledge of my self, and make me sensible of my owne infirmities: Let not the sense of those mercies which I enjoy, blot out of my remembrance those miseries which I deserve, that I may be truly thankfull for the one, & humbly penitent for the other. In all my afflictions keepe mee from despaire, in all my delive-

liverances, preserve mee from ingratitude, that being timely quickned with the sense of thy goodnes, & truely humbled by the sight of mine own weaknes, I may be here exalted by the vertue of thy grace, and hereafter advanced to thy Kingdome of thy glorie.

THE SINNERS CONflict an Conqueſt.

WHen *ſin* entred into the world, *death* followed. The Scripture tells mee of two deaths, the firſt and the ſecond, this *ſpirituall*, that *naturall*: The firſt a *ſeparation* of the bodie and the ſoule, and is *temporall*: The ſecond, a *ſeparation* of the bodie & the ſoul from

the favour of God, and is *eternall*: The first is terrible, the second intollerable. If the first death so terrified the Lord of *life*, how terrible will the second be to me the *childe* of death? If everie triviall griefe disturbs my thoughts, if every petty sickneſſe distempers my bodis, if the verie thought of death dismaies my soul, how horrible will *death* it selfe appeare? O when the silver *cord* shall be dissolv'd, the golden *Boule* demolisht the *Pitcher* at the fountaine broke, the *Cistern* wheels stopt? How will the whole *universe* of my afflicted body be perplexed! yet were I to endure for everie man that hath been, is, & shall be a death as oft repeated as the sea shore

hath

hath sands, all this were nothing to a minuts torment of the *second* death. O treacherous & soul-destroying *sin*, how hast thou thus betrayed mee to *eternal* death, by thy false momentarie & deceitfull *pleasures*? How hast thou bewitcht mee with thy flattering *smiles*, and with thy counterfeit delights thus *tickled* mee to death! Thou hast not onely deprived mee of a transitorie *life*, but led me into the hideous jawes of an everlasting *death*. Thou hast not onely devorc'd my miserable soul from her beloved bodie, but separated both soul and bodie from the favours of my God, and left them to the insufferable torments of *eternitie*. O my soule, can thy *life* be

lesse

lesse then miserable, which being ended, is transported to so infinite a misery? How can thy *death* bee lesse then terrible, which opens the gates to such eternall torments! what wilt thou do? Or whither wilt thou flee? Thy *actions* cannot save thee, nor thy *flight* secure thee. *Death* is thy enemie, who taking advantage of thy *lusts*, hath strengthened it self through thy weakness. Repaire to thy colours, O my soule, the *Lord* of *life* is thy *Generall*: Hee hath foild thy enemie and disarmed him: Stand fast, he is conquer'd, if thou strive to conquer: Harke what thy *Generall* saith,

He that overcommeth, shall not be hurt of the second death.

Revel. 2. 11.

To him that overcommeth I will give to eat of the tree of life, which is in the midst of the Paradise of God. Revel. 2. 7.

To him that overcommeth I will grant to sit with mee in my Throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with my Father in his Throne. Revel. 3. 21.

To him that overcommeth I will give to eate of the hidden Manna, and will give him a white stone, and in the stone, a new name written, which no man knoweth, saving hee that receiveth it. Revel. 2. 17.

The valour of a just man is to conquer the flesh, to contradict his owne will, to quench the delights of this present life, to endure and love the miseries of this world,

world, for the reward of a better: To contemne the flatteries of prosperitie, and inwardly to overcome the feares of adversities. Greg. lib. 8. Moral.

No labour is hard, no time is long, wherein the glorie of eternitie is the marke wee levell at.
Hieron. in Ep.

If there bee no enemie, no fight, if no fight, no victorie, if no victorie, no Crowne.
Savenar.

HIS SOLILOQVY.

OUr life is a *warfare*, and everie Christian is two *Souldiers*. The Armie consists of good and evill *motions*: These under the conduct of the *flesh*, those

those under the command of the *spirit*: The two *Generalls*, GOD and the devil, the *field* the heart: The word, on the one side, *Glory*: on the other side, *Pleasure*: The reward of both *Eternitie*, on that side, of *Happinesse*, on this side of *Torment*: How is thy heart, O my soule, like *Rebecca's wombe?* How doe two *Nations* strive within thee? Cheare up, take courage in the *Reward* that is set before thee: So fight, that thou mayest conquer, so runne, that thou mayest obtaine: Let not the *policie* of the Enemie dismay thee, nor thine owne *fewnesse* disanimate thee: Advance therefore, O my dull soule, feare not the fierie *darts* of Satan,

than, nor be afraide of his Arrow that flies by night: Presse towards the great *Reward*, and let thy Spirit resist to *Bloud*. Take courage from thy *Cause*, thou fightest for thy *Prince*, thy *God*, and takest up Arms against his Enemie, and thy rebellious *Lusts*: Is thine enemie too potent? Fear not: Art thou besieged? Faint not: Art thou routed? Flie not: Call aide, and thou shalt bee strengthened: Petition, and thou shall bee relieved: Pray, and thou shalt be recruted.

HIS PRAYER.

O God, to whom belong the issues of death, at whose

terrible Name the verie foundation of my ſoule trembles, I a poore convicted ſinner, accuſed by mine owne conſcience, and readie to be condemned by thy juſtice, doe here in the verie wounding of mine heart, confeſſe my ſelfe a miſerable creature: I have nothing to plead, O God, but mercie, and where ſhall I finde that mercie, but in my mercifull Redeemer? Bleſſed Redeemer, that haſt promiſed victorie to thoſe that ſtrive, and life to thoſe that overcome; teach thou my hands to warre, and my fingers to fight: Give mee a loyall heart, that the inticements of the world may not ſeduce it: Give mee a conſtant ſpirit, that the pleaſures of the

fleſh

flesh may not intice it: Give me a wise fore-cast, that the subtiltie of the devil may not intrap me: Let not the multitude of mine enemies discourage me, nor the greatnesse of their power dismay me, nor the weakenesse of my arme dishearten me. Thou that gavest little *Israel* victorie against great *Pharaoh*, strengthen me: thou that gavest little *David* the day against great *Goliah*, succour me, thou that gavest single *Sampson* conquest against the numerous Philistines save mee, Lord, fight against them that fight against my soul: Arise, O God, and let thine enemies be confounded: Lord, shield mee from the furie of my corruptions, for they are manie:

Deliver me from the imaginations of mine own heart, for they are evil, and that continually: Let not the frailtie of my youth beset me, and keep me from the danger of my secret sins: Double my watchfulnesse upon my *Dalilah*, that is so apt to kisse me, and betray mee. Without thy grace I have no will to strive, no power to stand, no hope to conquer: Sustaine me, that I may not faint: Second me, that I may not flee: Strengthen me, that I may not yeeld: Gird my loines with truth, and let my breastplate be thy righteousnesse: that putting on the Helmet of salvation, that I may fight a good fight, and receive a Crowne of glorie, that having past the terrours

rours of the first death, I may escape the torments of the second, and triumph with thee in the Kingdome of glorie.

SYONS DECAY And Defence.

DOest aske me, why so sad? Or can my sorrow be thy wonder? Canst thou, Or can thine eye expect a *Sun-shine* where the greater *Lamp* of heavens eclipst? Or can mine heart be frolique when the *Vineyard* of my soule is blasted? Can the *children* of the Bride-chamber choose but hang their heads, to see the *Bride-groome* slighted, and the *Brides* lovely checkes

prosane with every pesant hand: Can poore affrighted *Lambs* wanton, and frisk upon the pleasant plaines, when as their worried Mothers trembled at the Quest of every *Curre?* What member can rejoyce, when as the bodie is dismembred? *Syon*, the glorie of heaven is darkned, and her bright beams obscured: *Syon*, the *Vineyard* of our soules is blasted, and her *Clusters* are growne sowre: *Syon*, the *Bride* of my Redeemer is defiled, her bloud-washt *Robes* are soild and slubberd: *Syon*, the *Mistresse* of our Flocks is overpowred, and her tender *Lambs* have no protection: *Syon*, the *Mother* of us all, is barren, and her uberous brests are drie: *Syon*, the glorious

glorious Corporation of the *Elect*, is factious in it selfe, and her *Members* are disjoynted. Ah! how can my distressed soule find rest, when *Syon* the rest of my distressed soule is oppresst. How manie of her deareſt children are now tugging at the slavish oare of *Infidels*! How manie roaring under the imperious hand of the daughter of *Babylon*? How many banisht from their native soils, & driven from their usurpt possessions. This Vine which Heavens right hand hath planted, is decayed: Her Fences broken, her Hedge trodden downe, her Bodie torn by *Schismatickes*, cankered with *Hieretickes*, blasted with *fierie spirits*: Her branches rent with the wild

Bore, her grapes devoured with the wily *Fox*, her Shepherds are turned *Wolves*, and have devoured her flocks: Confusion is within her walls, and desolation is neare unto her gates: O *Jerusalem*, if I forget to mourne for thee, let my right hand forget her cunning, and if I prize not thee above my greatest joy, let my tongue cleave to my roofe. But heark, I hear a heavenly voice whispering glad tidings in mine eare, which saith,

I the Lord do keep it, and will water it. Isay 27. 3.

The Lord will save Syon, and will build the Cities of Iudah, that they may dwell there, and have it in possession.

Psal. 69. 5.

Of

Of Syon it shal be said, This and that man was born in her, and the Higheſt Himſelfe ſhall eſtabliſh her. Pſal. 87. 5.

The Lord hath founded Syon, and the power of his people ſhall truſt in it. Iſay 14. 30.

Cry out, and ſhout thou, inhabitent of Zion, for great is the holy One of Iſrael in the middeſt of thee. Iſay 12. 6.

O holy Lord, how happie are they that truſt in thee! It is a moſt certaine truth, that thou loveſt all thoſe that love thee, and never forſakeſt thoſe that truſt in thee. For behold, thy Love ſought thee, and undoubtedly found thee: She truſted in thee, and ſhe is not forſaken of thee, but hath obtained more by thee, then

she expected from thee.

Orig. Hom. 10. in diverſ.

He will give his Angels charge over thee. O what reverence, what love, what confidence deſerveth ſo ſweete a ſaying? For their preſence, Reverence: For their good will, love; for their tuition, confidence. Bernard.

THE SOLILOQVY.

WHo is not intereſted in the miſeries of *Syon*? What ſadneſſe may not bee juſtified in her *calamitie*? O my ſoule, thou mayeſt here ſpend thy ſelfe in holy paſſion, and diſſolve thy ſelfe in teares: But yet be wiſely ſad, let not thy teares exceed thy *confidence*, nor let thy

thy griefe exclude thy *hope*, Mourne not for the *Bride*, as if the *Bridegroom* were not, or being had no *power*, or having power, wanted *will*, or having will, were like thy self *forgteful*: No, no, my soule, he that suffers her to suffer, will sustaine her in her sufferance, and crowne her sufferings: When she is persecuted, she prospers, when shee is oppreſt, shee flouriſhes, in her contempt, shee gaines honour, in her wounds victories, in her reproach, *credit*, in her patience, a *crowne*, and with her crowne of thornes, a *Crowne of glorie*: Can she be more like her Bridegroom then in *affliction*? Can she more resemble her husband then in *persecution*? re-

member

member, O my soule, she is a *Plant* of his right hand planting, and who can pluck it up? Feare not, this *Vine* must prosper in spight of opposition: Yet know my soule, thou shalt not prosper nor see good dayes, unlesse thou wish prosperity to *Ierusalem*, and pray for *Peace* in *Syon*.

THE PRAYER.

O God, that art the beautie of Sion, and the glory of thy Jerusalem, and the Joy of thine elect, behold the mangled *body* of thy distressed Church. Relieve the miseries of her distempered *members*: She is our *Lamp*, illuminate her with thy glory: She is thy *Vine*, O fructi-

fie.

fie her with thy grace: Shee is thy *Bride*, embrace her in thy love: Shee is thy *Flock*, protect her by thy power: She is our *Body*, rectifie her with thy health: Wee are her *members*, sanctifie us with thy righteousneſſe. Let not the malice of Sathan diſcourage her: Let not the counſels of the wicked diſturbe her: Let not the gates of hell prevaile againſt her. Give her verity in her doctrine, unitie in her ſelfe, uniformity in her diſcipline, univerſality in her progreſſe: Repaire her broben Fences, and weaken the power of the wilde Bore: bleſſe all ſuch as love her: and as for her enemies, either convert them in thy mercy, or confound them

in

in thy iuſtice. Let her appeare to be thy daughter, and let the Kings daughter, be all glorious within. Let her be known to be thy Ark, and let Dagon fall downe before her. Purge her from error, heriſie, ignorance, and ſuperſtition, and being purged, O take thou pleaſure in her beauty: Behold her branches which ſuffer for thy name, and give them deliverance or patience. Let no weapon that is formd againſt thy Church proſper, and let all tongues that ſpeak againſt her be confounded Let her gates be alwayes open, & glorifie the houſe of thy glorie. Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand, that he may guard this plant, which thy

right hand hath planted. Give thy justice to the King, and thy Righteousnesse to the Kings sonne: Season thy Seminaries with thy truth: and blesse the house of *Levi*, and blesse the house of *Aaron*, Turne thy countenance to thy first love, the Jewes, and take not thy Candlestick from thy chosen, the Gentiles: that having one Shepherd, we may be one Flock: and having one faith, we may bee one Church: and having one heart to please thee, wee may have one voice to praise thee here militant in the Kingdome of Grace, and hereafter triumphant in the Kingdome of Glory.

THE

THE MOVRNERS CALAmity, and Conſolation.

FOr Stoiciſme to rejoyce at *Funerals*, & lament at *births* of men, is more abſonant to *Nature* then to Reaſon. To ſelf-indulgent *Nature* would preſerve her ſelf on any termes but well-inſtructed *Reaſon* holds a *Being* but an ill penny-worth, purchaſt on condition of ſo long a *miſery*. Who knowes himſelfe a *Man* need ſeek no further for a cauſe to mourn: For what is a man but a Sampler of *weakneſſe*, the ſpoile of *Time* the May game of *Fortune*, the image of *Inconſtancie*, the balance

lance of *Calamity*, and what besides, but *fleam* and *choller*? His *Birth* is a painfull comming into the world: His *life* a sinfull continuance in the world: His *death* a dreadfull going out of the world. His *Birth* brings him into the *shop* of sin: his *Childehood* binds him *Apprentice* to sinne: his *youth* makes him *free* in sinne: his *full age* trades in sinne; his *old age* breaks him: his *last sickneſſe* arrests him, and *death* casts him into Prison. The *pleasure* he takes is to displeaſe his God: his *buſineſſe* is to disturb his Neighbour: His study is, to destroy himselfe: his best labour is but *vanity*, and the fruits of that labour, is *vexation* of *spirit*: his mirth is a short

madneſſe

madneſſe: his ſorrow a long *torment*: his recreation is a *formall Antick*: his devocation an *antick formality*: his courſe of life is a *Quoditian Ague*, whoſe cold fits are *ſloth*, and *charity*, whoſe hot fits are *wrath* and *concupiſcence*: his *pleaſures* are but angry *ſhadowes* to beguile him: his honours are but trothy pleaſures to betray him: his profit is but golden fetters to beſlave him: the effect whereof is *ſin*, the end whereof is *death*. In briefe, he that would learn to be a *Mourner*, let him remember that he is a *Man*. O my ſoule, is this the pleaſure that this world promiſers? Is this that happineſſe that this gaeat promiſer offords: had man no

hope

hopes of greater happines then earth can give, how more unhappy were he then a Beast! What happinesse can counterpoise his sorrow? What mirth can countervaile his misery? What comfort is there in this *House of Mourning?* Where then shall I repose my trust? On whom shall my crusht hopes relye? Darest thou beleeve the *word* of Truth? Hark what the word of *Truth* hath said:

Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.

Matth. 5.4.

This is my comfort in my affliction, for thy word hath quickned me. Psal. 119.50.

Proclaim the acceptable yeare of the Lord, and the day of vengeance

geance to cõfort all that mourn.
Isay. 61.2.

I will turn their mourning into joy, and will comfort them and make them reioyce from their sorrow. Ier. 31. 13.

Thou which hath shewed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken mee againe, and shalt bring me up again frõ the depths of the earth: Thou shalt encrease my greatnesse and comfort me on every side. Psal. 71.20,21.

There was a great dark cloud of calamity before mine eyes, so that I could not see the Sun of Iustice and the light of Truth: But Lord, thou art my God who hast led me from darknes, and the shadow of death: hast called me into this glorious light, and behold I

see

see. Aug Soliloq. cap. 33.

Though we have sown in tears, yet wee shall reape in joy: yea, though we have sown but a very few teares, which God hath in a small bottle, yet we shall reape all the infinite ioyes which God hath in heaven: Though we hath wanted wine a little while, yet in the end Christ shall turne all our water into wine, all our sadnes into gladnesse, all our musing into Musick, all our sighing into singing. Chrysol.

We find glory in the Crosse: to us that are saved it is the power of God and the fulnes of all vertues. Bern. in Ser. de Resur

HIR SOLILOQVY.

MYsery is the badge of *Mortality*, and mortality

the *Lot* of man: He that views himselfe impartially, needs seek no subject for a tear: yet O my soule, hadst thou not seene thy own *misery*, how more miserable hadst thou beene! Hadst thou been hoodwinkt to thy *corruptions*: hadest thou beene blinde to thy *Infirmities*: had thy filth been plainted overwith *vanity*, how had the way to thy redresse been block up! How hadst thou stumbled at thy *self*, and fallen at thy own *destructi*. O my soule it is a great part of *safety* to see a danger: a good step towards *health*, to discover the disease, a faire progresse towards *happinesse*, to behold thy own misery: But *evils* discovered, and no more grow sharper

per by the discovery: He only uses a foreseen *danger*, that endeavours to avoid it: He profits by a discovered *disease* that labours to amend it: He takes benefit by prevised misery, that strives to eschew it. Being fairly warnd, my soule, be thou as strongly armd: Doest thou plead *weakneſſe*? be couragious, and thou shalt be victorious. Does *sadneſſe* cool thy courage? be patient, and thou shalt bee comforted: remember thou art militant: Doest thou finde thy selfe timorous? strengthen thy selfe with resolution: Dost thou find thy self spent? Fortifie thy selfe by Prayer.

HIS

HIS PRAYER.

O GOD that heareſt the ſighing of a contrite heart, and blottleſt up the teares of a repentant eye bow downe thy gracious eare and heare the torments of a grieved breſt: Look on my teares, and read in them what my cloſd lips are even aſhamed to utter. Thou madeſt me free, but I have loſt my freedom by my rebellion: Thou madſt me like thy ſelfe, but I have blurd thine Image by my ſinne: Thou madeſt me cleane and holy, but I have wallowed in the mire of my own corruptions: Thou madſt me for thy glorie, but I have lived to thy diſhonour: Thou madeſt me

a man, but I have made my self a worme and no man. Lord I see the miserie of mine owne condition, and without thy mercie I am worse then nothing. But thou art gracious, and of great compassion, and thy truth endures from generation to generation. Lord, thou hast promised joy to those that griefe, & comfort to them that mourn: In full assurance of thy gracious promise, upon my bended knees, I humbly sue for thy seasonable performance: strengthen me, that I may endure this nights sorrow, and let the joy of thy good Spirit chear me in the morning: Let me not grieve like those that goe into the pit, nor let my mourning be like theirs

that have no hope: Let not the vaine comforts of the world pleaſe mee, nor the dead pleaſures of the earth rejoyce mee: Make mee a willing Priſoner to my griefe, untill thou pleaſe to ſhew thy ſelf the God of conſolation. Sanctifie my ſorrowes to mee, and direct my mourning to the right object. Open the flood-gates of mine eyes, that I may weep bitterly for mine offences: Diſſolve mine head into a tide of teares, that thou maieſt waſh away the filth of my corruptions: Let nothing ſtop the current but the aſſurance of thy love: And let my furrowed cheekes bee dried in the ſunſhine of thy favour. Accept, O God, of this wette ſacrifice of

teares,

teares, and let my groaning bee a peace-offering for my treſpaſſes. Looke at thy right, and for his ſake that ſits there, grant theſe my petitions, firmely grounded on thy promiſe and his merits, that my ſad ſoul being relieved by thy mercie, may receive endleſſe comfort, and thy Name etenall glorie.

THE SERPENTS SVBtiltie, and Defeat.

VVHat miſerable dignitie belongs unto the honourable name of *Man*! What ſad prerogatives pertaine to that unhappie generation of *Mankinde*! Ah, what is man but a

polluted lump of *living clay*, a little heape of selfe corrupted *earth*? created to *happinesse*, borne to *sorrow*: And what is *Min-kinde*, but a transitorie succession of *Miserie*, on whom *Mortalitie* is generally entaild from generation to generation? Each particular man is the short and sad storie of *Man-kinde*, written by his own dear experience, in a more favourable stile, wherein everie one is naturally inclined to spare himselfe, and hide his nakednesse among the *shades*; where beeing lost, hee seekes himselfe unfound, or finds himselfe unknowne, or knowes himselfe most miserable: The devil appear'd not as a *Lyon*; strength could not con-

straine

ſtraine an upright ſoule: He appear'd not a *Draggon*, feare could not compell a dauntleſſe ſpirit: But hee appear'd a *Serpent*, to inſinuate and creepe into the boſome of his ſoft affections: How often is this ſtorie acted by me the miſerableſt of *Adams* ſons. Behold how the forbidden tree of vaine delights ſtands laden with her pleaſant *fruits*: ſee how the *Serpent* twiſts and winds, and tempts the weaker *veſſell* of my bodie, which having ycelded, taſts and tempts my better part! Which done, what nakedneſſe, what ſhame preſents before my guiltie eyes? What ſlight excuſes (patcht like leaves together) I frame to hide my nakedneſſe, my ſhame? And

when the *voice* of my crying conscience cals mee in the *cool* of my lusts: O how I start and tremble, and seeke for *covert* among the trees, where beeing found at last, and question'd, my soule accuses the infirmitie of my bodie, my bodie accuses that serpentine temptation, so that all three being partners in *sin*, are sad partakers of the *punishment*. Thus everie minute, O my soule, art thou surprized: Thus everie moment does this twisting *Serpent* tempt and overcome thy frailtie: Thus everie minute are eternall deaths, still multiplied upon thee. What hopes hast thou in thy collapsed estate to overcome that *Serpent*, which *Adam* in his perfection did

did not conquer? Chear up, my soul, there is a *Champion* found shall curbe this *Serpents* power, and heaven hath spoke it:

The seed of the woman shall breake the Serpents head. Gen. 3. 15.

And the God of Peace shall bruise Sathan under your feete shortly. Rom. 16. 20.

For this purpose the Sonne of God was manifested, that hee might destroy the workes of the devil. 1. Iohn 3. 8.

He shall make warre with the Lambe, and the Lambe shall overcome him. Revel. 17. 14.

Above all things take the shield of faith, wherewith yee shall be able to quench the fierie darts of Sathan. Eph. 6. 16.

He forced him not, he touched him not, only said, Cast thy selfe down, *that we may know, whosoever obeyeth the Devil, casteth himselfe downe: For the Devil may suggest, compell he cannot.*

Chrysost. super. Mat.

It is the devils part to suggest: Ours, not to consent. As oft as we resist him, so oft we overcome him, so often as we overcome him, so often wee bring joy to the Angels, and glory to God: Who proposeth us, that we may contend, and assist us, that we may conquer.

Bern. in Ser.

HIS SOLILOQVY.

MAn by the power of the transcendent *Good*, was created

created *good*, with a power to continue *good*: Man through disobedience loſt his power, and that arbitrarie *goodneſſe* is turnd to neceſſarie *evil*: the whole *Maſſe* is corrupted, and lyes in the ſame condition it made it ſelf: But *God* out of an unſearchable love to his *Creature*, out of his infinite wiſedome (not violating his juſtice) found a way to exerciſe his *mercy*, drawing what handfulls he pleaſed (not for the dignitie of the matter) out of this *lump*, the reſt he left to it ſelfe: As it had beene no *injuſtice* in GOD to leave the whole in the perdition it had caſt it ſelfe: So, it was an inſcrutable mercie to draw out ſome part out of that ſelf-made *perdi-*

tion: This *Redemptiõ*, O my soul, was a *Legacie* given at the death of thy *Redeemer*: And thy busineſſe is to ſearch the *Will*, and in it thy *intereſt*: But where is that *Will?* ſearch the *Scriptures:* But how ſhall it appear by ſearching? By the *fruit* thou ſhalt know the tree: Examine thine heart, doſt thou finde there a love to God for his own ſake, & a love to thy neighbor for Gods ſake? and to both for obedience ſake? goe thy wayes, thou art in the *Wil*, & the *ſeed* of the woman hath broke the Serpents head.

THE PRAYER.

O God, that didſt create mankinde for the glorie of thy

thy holy Name, and redeemedst Man, being lost, with the bloud of thy only Son, and hast preserved him by thy free mercie, and continuall providence: I a poore son of miserable *Adam*, doe here acknowledge my selfe unworthie of the least of all thy mercies: Lord, what am I that thou shouldest look upon mee? and what is the son of thy handmaid, that thou shouldest thinke upon him? I know the best of all my actions are uncleane, and these my verie prayers are abomination in thy sight: My thoughts, my words, nay, the whole course of my life is sin, and there is nothing in me which deserves not death: Yet, Lord, even for the Altars sake on which

which I offer up this sinfull sacrifice, loath not the prayers of my polluted lips, nor stop thy eares against my sad complaints: Lord, I am as vile as sinne can make mee, and deserve what curse thy wrath can lay upon me: I brought corruption from the wombe, and suckt rebellion from the very breast: My life is nothing but a Trade of sinne, wherein I hourly heap unto my selfe wrath against the day of wrath, that insomuch wert thou not more mercifull then I am, or can be to my selfe, I had been now roaring under thy justice, that I am here begging for thy mercie: Lord, I am nothing but infirmitie, and daily wallow in mine own corruptions: That old ser-

ſerpent continually beſieges me, and the feebleneſſe of my old man cannot reſiſt him. Ariſe, O God, and cruſh thy enemie and mine, whoſe fury through my confuſion aymes at thy diſhonour. Let the ſeed of the woman quicken in my ſoul, and ſtrengthen my weakneſſe to encounter with temptation: Let it, O let it breake the Serpents head, that I may conquer for the time to come, and give thou me a broken heart, that I may grive for the time paſt: give me water from the ſpring of life, that it may quench the fiery darts of death: Strengthen the new man in me, and let the power of the old man languiſh daily, that being confident in thy pomiſe,

I may be sensible of thy performance: and being freed by thy power, I may be fild with thy praise, and glorifie thy Name for ever, and for ever.

THE SINNERS POverty, and Reliefe.

WHerein doth this my natural *State* excel a beast? In what one thing? Am I not worse? Their outward senses are more perfect, my inward senses are lesse pure. Their naturall *Instinct* desires good, and chuseth it: but my perverted *Will* sees good, and yet declines it. They eate, being satisfied with *moderation*: perchance I want, or surfeit. They sleep se-

cure

cure from feares and cares, when I am kept awake with both. They cry to heaven, and are fed by *Providence*: I trusting to my selfe, want through my *Improvidence*. The worthlesse *Sparrows* are lodged in their downy feathers: the silly *Sheep* reposed in their warme fleeces: but I have nothing to cover my nakednesse, nothing to hide my shame. Naked I was born into the world, and have nothing in the world which I may call my own: or if I have, it is lost with the desire of having. I look into my *Soule* and can finde nothing there, but the absence of what I had, or the defect of what I want. I pry into my *Understanding*, and there I finde nothing

thing but *darkneſſe*. I ſearch into my *will*, and there I finde nothing but *perverſeneſſe*: I examine my *affections*, and there I finde nothing but *diſcorder*: I view my *diſpoſition*, and there I finde nothing but *diſtemper*: What I had, I have not, & what I want I cannot gaine. If I have obtained any thing that is *good*, I quickly loſe it, for want of knowledge how to prize it. If I finde any good which I had loſt: I keep it not, for want of *wiſedome* how to uſe it. When I call my conſcience to account my owne ſoule is brib'd againſt me: and when I call my *courſe of life* to queſtion, my frailties flatter me. If the ſenſe of miſery ſhould force me to my for-

gotten

gotten prayers, I faulter, and my distraction denies me *utterance*: Or if my hopefull thoughts permit my formal lips to recommend my griefes to heaven, my *guilt* despaires of *entrance*: Or if a flash of *zeale* should wing my prayers, and dart them up unto the Almighties eares, my unrepented sins forbids them *audience*. Heavens *gates* are lockt against me, and the *keyes* are lost by my neglect: My *sighs* want strength to shoot the lock, nor can my stronger *groanes* enforce the portals open. Chear up my soul, the keyes are in a faithfull hand, nor is the Keeper farre: Cal him, and thou shalt hear him say,

Ask and thou shall have, seek

and

and thou shalt finde; knocke, and it shall be opened to thee. Luke. 11.9.

If you being evill, know how to give good things unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things unto them that ask them? Matth.7. 11.

But I know that even now whatsoever thou wilt ask of God, God will give it unto thee. Iohn 11.22.

All things whatsoever ye shal ask by prayer, beleeving, ye shall receive. Math. 21.22.

If any of you lack wisedom, let him ask it of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not; and it shall be given him. James 1.5.

It

It is easier that Heaven and Earth should passe, then if thou seeke God, not to finde him: or then if thou ask, not to receive: or if thou knock, not to bee opened unto. Barnard

In having nothing I have all things, because I have Christ: having therefore all things in him, I seek no other reward, for he is the universall reward.
Chryſ. Hom. 5. in Ep. ad Rom.

HIS SOLILOQVY.

CAnſt thou, O my ſoule, wonder at thy wants, when thou wanteſt *Him* that is the only ſupplier of all *wants*? The *beaſt* performes his duty, and (made for thy ſervice) ſerves thee:

thee: and wanting food, in his own language craves it, and obtaines it. The *Fowles* of the aire (being pinched with hunger) caroll forth their sweet *Hosannaes*, and are fill'd and then return Musical *Hallelujahs*. Canst thou my soule, expect *supplies* like them, and use lesse meanes then they? Come, thou art worth many *Sparrowes* (were not five sold for a farthing) The Bloud of Jesus is thy *price*, and for his sake all things are thine: Shall *beasts* for their own sakes be supplyed, and shalt thou in the *Name* of Jesus be denyed? Can a *Mother* pitty the trickling teares of her unfed Infant, and can the God of *mercies* be obdure to thee? Art thou commanded

manded to *ask*, *seek*, and *knock* in vain? I, but my tongue is slow: Was not *Moses* the man of God so? When I *seek*, my *lust* diverts me, and I am lost: Is not the great Shephard come to reduce his *lost* sheep? But alas, I *knock* at the *wrong* door: Feare not when thou knockst with a right heart: Hee that is every where will be found: He that made the eare will heare thee.

HIS PRAYER.

O God, that art the perfection of all good, and the giver of all good things, that better knowst what to give, then I to aske, and with-holdest no good thing from him that

seeks

seeks thee with an upright heart, I a poore suiter at thy Throne of Grace, being truly sensible of my own defects, and timerously conscious of my evil deserts, doe here even cast my self on thy gracious providence. And since, O Lord, thou hast commanded me to aske of thee the things I want, bow down thine eare, and heare the Prayers which a poor sinner, emboldned by thy promise, presents, before thee: by whose free favour I have received whatsoever I have obtained, and by my own folly lost whatsoever I have received: Give me a cleare sight of my own poverty: shew mee the poverty of my own reliefe, that so I may forsake the broken

Reed

Reed of my own power, and ſtrengthen my weakneſſe in the comfort of thy promiſe. Lord thou haſt commanded me to aske, but my ſinnes cry louder then my ſuits. Thou haſt commanded me to ſeeke, but my own guilt leades me the wrong way: Thou haſt commanded me to knock, but Sathan holds my hands. Lord let the Blood of my bleſſed Saviour ſtop the mouth of my crying ſinnes: Let his full ſatisfaction take away my guilt: Binde him in chaines that captivates my power: Teach me to ask, that haſt commāded me to ask: thou that haſt commanded me to ſeek direct me, & let my knocking be guided by thy hand: Give me know-

knowledge, that I may aske what I should: Grant me prudence, that I may seek where I should: Give me providence that I may knocke when I should: Let not my faintnesse in asking teach thee to deny: Let not my foolishnesse in seeking, tempt me to desist: Let not my unseasonablenesse in knocking strike me with despaire: Give me a fervent Faith, that I may aske with confidence: a constant hope, that I may seek with courage: an unwearied patience that I may knock with constancie: Let me ask like the importunate woman, till I obtain thee: Let me seek like thy blessed *Mother*, till I find thee: Let me knock, like the sinfull

sinful Publican, till thou open to me, that having found thee here by grace in the cõpany of Saints, I may live with thee in glorie, with the societie of Angels.

THE FAITHFVLL Mans feare and Crowne.

Doe this, & live: Some comfort yet remaines, though *life* be not absolutely granted, yet *death* is but conditionally threatned, *Doe this, and live*: But what is the *worke* that may deserve such *wages*? Give perfect *obedience* to thy God, & perfect *love* to thy neighbour: But will not the utmost of my power do? Will not the best of my endea-

vour ſerve? No, he that's perfect made thee perfect, & requires a *perfection*. Alas, if life depend upon ſuch termes, what fleſh can live? Thy unability for the *work*, propheſies the impoſſibilitie of the *reward*. My ſoule, thou art become a legall *debter*, & the utmoſt *farthing* is expected: Thou canſt neither pay the *debt*, nor hide thee from thy Creditor: What wilt thou do? Wilt thou plead *immunity*? Thy own hand will condemne thee. Wilt thou plead *payment*? Thy own *poverty* will implead thee Wilt thou plead *Mercy*? Thy own *rebellion* will diſenable thee. My ſoule what *ſecurity* wilt thou put in? Or to what *Sanctuarie* wilt thou flee? O flatter not thy ſelfe, and

put

put not the *evil day* from thee. Thou hast not onely not done what thou shouldest, but thou hast done what thou shouldest not. Thou hast sinned against thy *Creation*, by disobeying thy Creator: Thou hast sinned against thy *Redemption*, by crucifying thy Redeemer: Thou hast sinned against thy *Sanctification* by quenching of the Spirit: Thou hast sinned against Gods *Judgements*, by thy presumption: Thou hast sinned against his *Mercies*, by thy despaire: Thou hast sinned against thy *Conscience*, by thy rebellion: Thou hast sinned against *Providence*, by thy distrust. Everie day brings in an *Inventory* of thy sins, & everie sin brings in a *Faggot* to thy

execution. O my ſoule, behold the *miſery* of thy eſtate, and tremble: Behold the *Mercies* of thy God, and wonder: *Tremble*, for hee is a God to puniſh thy iniquities: Wonder, for he is become a Man to beare thy iniquities: Tremble, for thou art not able to doe his Commands: wonder, for he is willing to accept what thou canſt doe: Will not the frailtie of thy fleſh permitte thee to *doe*? Let the faithfulneſſe of thy heart encline thee to *deſire*: *Doe* what thou canſt, and *beleeve* what thou canſt not. Cheare up my ſad ſoule, for he that hath conſidered the frailtie of thy hands, hath freely accepted the faithfulneſſe of thy heart, who ſaith,

Be

Be thou faithfull unto death, and I will give thee the Crowne of life. Revel. 2. 10.

Well done, good and faithfull servant, thou hast beene faithfull over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things: Enter into the joy of thy Lord. Matthew 25. 21.

So then, they that be of faith, are blessed with the faithfull Abraham. Gal. 3. 9.

Hence-forth there is laid up for me a Crowne of righteousnesse, which the Lord, the righteous Iudge shall give me at that day. 2. Timoth. 4. 8.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation, for when hee is tryed, he shall receive the Crown of life, which the Lord hath pro-

miſed to them that love him.
James 1. 12.

O only ſafe fight, which for and with Chriſt is under-taken, in which the Chriſtian Souldier neither wounded, nor overthrowne, nor trodden under foot, no nor ſlaine, can loſe the victorie, if he manfully ſtand to it, and doe not betake himſelfe to a ſhameſull flight. Bernard.

What ſoever rageth againſt the Name of Chriſt, is tollerable, if it may be overcome, & if it cannot, it haſteneth the receiving of our glorious reward, for the faithfull man in the end of his temporall evils, paſſeth into the fruition of his eternall good.
Aug. in Senten.

HIS SOLILOQVY.

STand not, O my soule upon the *legs* of a sinner, but flee into the *Armes* of thy Saviour, & what thou canst not purchase by thy endeaour, endeavour to believe: Acknowledge thou thy *debt*, & thy Jesus will justifie the payment: Trust not in thy selfe, lest thou bee deceived by thy self: Dost thou, O my soul, desire faith? *Renounce* thy self. Wouldest thou preserve thy faith? Condemne thy self: The way to faith is *from* thy self: Is thy soul *dark*? Faith *enlightens* it: Is the gate of Heaven shut? Faith *unlockes* it: Is that way *dangerous*? Faith *secures* it: Is thy heart timerous? Faith emboldens it: Is

death terrible? Faith conquers it: Is the crown of life difficult? Faith obtains it: *Be thou faithfull unto the death, and I will give thee the Crowne of life.* Fear not thy weakneſſe, O my ſoul, it ſhal not bee to thee according to thy workes, but faith: If thy good workes cannot ſave thee before *faith*, then evil workes cannot damn thee after *Repentance.* As he that crowns thy good works, crowns his own gifts, ſo he that pardons thy evil works, magnifies his own *mercy.* Caſt anchor here my ſoule, and if the waves of thy *corruptions* overwhelme thee, pump them out by true *Repentance.*

HIS

HIS PRAYER.

MOst glorious God, in respect of whō the very Angels are impure, before whō the *Cherubins* do vail their blushing faces, I the wretched off-spring of presumptious flesh & bloud, fall down before the footstoole of thy gracious presence, and humbly presents thee with my sinfull prayers: If thou shouldest weigh my actions with thy righteous ballance, or try me with the touch-stone of thy sacred Lawes, the vials of thy wrath would poure upon me, & thy justice would be magnified in my confusion. But, Lord, thou delightest not in the death of a sinner, nor takest pleasure in the de-

ſtruction of thy creature. Lord, thy Commandements are moſt juſt, & my performance is moſt imperfect, the beſt of all my works deſerve not the leaſt of all thy mercies, and the pureſt of all my actions, nay, my very prayers are ſin. I have ſinned againſt my Creation, & yet, Lord, thou haſt redeemed me: I have ſinned againſt my Redemption, & yet, O God, thou haſt in ſome meaſure ſanctified mee, I have ſinned againſt my ſanctification, and yet O God, thou haſt not forſaken me: I have ſinned againſt the continuance of thy mercies, yet haſt thou not confounded mee: The whole practiſe of my life is nothing but rebellion, and the imaginations of my heart are evil,

vil, and that continually, wherefore I wholly renounce my self, O God, & uterly disclaime the works of my own hands: In thy goodnesse, O Lord, I build my confidence, & in thy mercy I seek for refuge: Grant me the power to do what thou commandest, & then command mee what thou pleasest: Crucifie the flesh within me, and deliver my soul from the spirit of bondage: Free me, O Lord, from the oldnesse of the letter, that I may serve thee hereafter in the newnes of the spirit: Let the rebellions of old *Adam* be lost in thy remembrance, and let the obedience of the new *Adam* be ever in thy sight: Purge from my heart the dregs of unbeliefe, & kindle in my soule the

fire

fire of devotiō: Quicken my ſpirit with a lively faith: Lord, I believe, Lord helpe my unbeliefe, that ſo beeing faithfull to the death, according to thy Command, I may receive the Crown of life according to thy promiſe.

THE FEARFVLL MANS Conflict and Prize.

HOw potent are the infirmities of fleſh & bloud! How weak is *Natures* ſtrength! How ſtronge her weaknes! how is my caſie *Faith* abuſ'd by my deceitful ſenſe! How is my *Underſtanding* blinded with deluding *error*! How is my *will* perverted with apparent *good*! If real good preſent it ſelf, how purblinde is my

my eye to view it! if viewed, how dul is my *understanding* to apprehend it! if apprehended, how heartlesse, is my *judgement* to allo wit! if allow'd how unwilling is my *will* to choose it! if chosen, how fickle are my *resolutions* to retain it! No sooner are my resolutions fixt upon a course of *Grace*, but *Nature* checks, at my *Resolves*: no sooner checkt, but straight my *will* repents her *choyce*, my *judgement* recals her *sentence*, my *understanding* mistrusts her *light*: and then my *Sense* cals Flesh blood to counsell, which wants no *arguments* to break me off. The difficulty of the *Iourney* daunts me: the straightnesse of the *Gate* dismaies mee: the

doubt

doubt of the *Reward* diverts me: the *losse* of worldly pleasure here deterres me: the *losse* of earthly honour there disswades me: here the strictnesse of *Religion* damps me, there the worlds *cõtempt* disheartnes me: here the fear of my *preferment* discourages me: thus is my yeelding sense assaulted with my conquering *doubts*: Thus are my militant *hopes* made captive to my prevailing *feares*: whence if happily ransomd by some good *motion*, the Devil presents me with a beadroll of my *offences*: The flesh suggests the necessitie of my sinne, the world objects the foulnesse of my shame: where, if I plead the mercy and goodnes of my God, the

the *abuse* of his mercy weakens my trust, the *slighting* of his goodnesse hardnes my heart against my hopes. With what an *host* of enemies art thou besieg'd my soul! How, how art thou beleagured with continual feares? How doth the guilt of thy *unworthinesse* cry down the hopes of all *compassion*! Thy confidence of mercy is conquered by the consciousnesse of thy own demerits, & thou art taken prisoner, & bound in the horrid chaines of sad despaire. But cheare up my soul, and turn thy feares to wonder and thanksgiving: trust in him that saith,

Fear not little flock, for it is your fathers good pleasure to give you a kingdome. Luk. 12. 32.

He

He hath delivered us from the power of darkneſſe, and tranſlated us into the kingdome of his deare Sonne. Col. 1. 13.

Exhort them to continue in the faith, and that wee muſt through many tribulatons enter into the kingdome of God. Acts 14. 22.

Hath not God choſen the poore of this world, that they ſhould bee rich in faith, and heires of the Kingdome which hee hath promiſed to them that love him? Iam. 2. 5.

I appoint you a kingdome, as my Father appointed to mee. Luke 22. 29.

Though we labour in a boiſterous ſea, yet thou Lord, art our Pilot, and ſteereſt our courſe be-

at

tweene Scylla and Charibdis: so that both danger escaped, we shal at length arrive at our Port secure. August.

Let us suffer with those that suffer, and bee crucified with those that are crucified, that wee may be glorified with those that are glorified. Macar.

Miserable is his felicity, who was never thought worthy to wrestle with miseries: by which contention honour is obtained. Hieron.

THE SOLILOQVY.

HAst thou crucified the Lord of *Glory*, O my soul, and hast thou so much boldnes to expect his kingdome? Consult

fult with *Reaſon*, and review thy *Merits*: which done, behold that *Ieſus* whom thou crucifiedſt even making *interceſſion* for thee, and offring thee a *Crown* of Glory. Behold the *greatneſſe* of thy Creator vaild with the *goodneſſe* of thy Redeemer: the juſtice of a firſt perſon, qualified by the mercie of a *ſecond*: the purity of the *Divine* nature uniting it ſelfe with the *Humane* in one *Emanuell*; a perfect *Man* to ſuffer, a perfect *God* to pardon: and both God and Man in one *perſon*, at the ſame inſtant, able and willing to *give*, and *take* a perfect *ſatisfaction* for thee, O my ſoule, a *wonder* above wonders! an *incomprehenſibility* a-

bove

love all admiration! a *depth* past finding out! Under this shadow of my soule, refresh thy selfe: If thy sins fear the hand of justice, behold thy *Sanctuary*: If thy offences tremble before the Judge, behold thy *Advocate*: If thy creditor threaten a prison, behold thy baile: Behold the *Lamb* of God that hath taken thy sins from thee: Behold the *blessed* of heaven and earth that hath prepared a Kingdome for thee. Be ravisht, O my soul: O blesse the Name of *Elohim*: O blesse the Name of our *Emanuel*, with praises and eternall *Halelujahs*.

HIS PRAYER.

GReat Shepherd of my soul, whose life was not too dear

to reſcue me the meaneſt of thy little flock: caſt downe thy gracious eye upon the weadneſſe of my nature, and behold it in the ſtrength of thy compaſſion: ope mine eys, that I may ſee that object which fleſh cannot behold. Enlighten my underſtanding, that I may clearly diſcerne that Truth which my ignorance cannot apprehend: Rectifie my judgement, that I may confidently reſolve thoſe doubts, which my underſtanding cannot determine: Sanctifie my will, that I may wiſely chooſe that good, which my deceived heart cannot deſire: Fortifie my reſolution, that I may conſtantly embrace that choyce which my inconſtancy cannot hold:

hold: Weaken the ſtrength of my corrupted nature, that I may ſtruggle with my luſts, and ſtrive againſt the baſe rebellions of my fleſh: Strengthen the weakneſſe of my dejected ſpirit that I may conquer my ſelfe, and ſtils withſtand the aſſaults of my own corruption: Moderate my delight in all the things of this world, and keep my deſirs within the limats of thy will: Let the point of my thoughts bee directed to thee, and let my hopes reſt in the aſſurance of thy favour: Let not the feare of worldly loſſe diſmay me, nor let the loſſe of the worlds favour daunt me: Let my joy in thee exceed all worldly griefe, and let the love

love of thee expell all carnall feare: Let the multitudes of mine offences bee hid in the multitude of thy compassions, and let the reproachfulnesse of that death which thy Sonne suffered for my sake, enable me to suffer all reproach for his sake: Let not my sinne against thy mercies, remove thy mercies from my sinne: and let the necessitie of my offences bee swallowed up in the all-sufficiency of his merits: Let not the foulnesse of my transgressions lead mee to distrust, nor let the distrust of thy pardon leave me in despaire: Fix in my heart a filiall love, that I may love thee as a father, & remove all servile fear from me, that thou maist

behold

behold mee as a ſon. Bee thou my all in all, and let me fear nothing but to diſpleaſe thee: That being freed from the fear of thy wrath, I may live in the comfort of thy promiſe, die in the fulneſſe of thy favour, and riſe to the inheritance of an everlaſting kingdome.

THE PLAGVE AFFRIGHTed Mans Danger and Deliverance.

HOw is the *language* of death heard in every ſtreet which by continual *Paſſing-bels* proclaimes mortalitie in every eare! How many, at this inſtant lie groaning in their ſick beds, & markt for death, whilſt others

others that lived yesterday are now laid out for evening *burial*. How many that are now strong, and healthfull, and laying up for many years, are distinde for the enlargment of the next weeks *Bill*! How many are now prepared to secure their lives by flight, who whilst they run frō the *tyrannie* of their fears, flee into the very bosome of danger. What *ayre*? what *dyet*? what *andidote* can promise safetie? what shield can guard the angry Angels Blow? What *Rhetorick* can perswade the heaven-commended *Messenger* to slake the furie of his resolute arme? It is an *Arrow* that flees by day: yet who can see it. It is a *Terrour* that strickes by night: and

who

ho can ſcape it? It is the Pe-
ilence that walketh in dark-
eſſe: And who can ſhun it?
he ſtrength of *youth* is no pri-
ledge againſt it: The ſound-
eſſe of a *Conſtitution* is no ex-
mption from it: The ſoveraig-
ie of *drugs* cannot reſiſt it:
Where it liſts, it wounds: And
hom it wounds, it kils. It is
ods Artillerie, and like him-
lfe, reſpects no perſons. The
ch mans *Coffers* cannot bribe
: The skilfull *Artiſt* cannot
eſcribe againſt it: The blacke
Magitian cannot charme it.
ly ſoule into what a calamitie
t thou plung'd! With what
nenemie art thou beleaguer'd!
What oppoſition canſt thou
ake? What *Auxiliaries* canſt

thou call in? How many sad *Copies* of thy destruction are daily set before thee? How continually is thy death acted by others to thee? What comfort hast thou in that life, which every minute threatens? what pleasures tak'st thou in that breath which drawes & whiffs perpetuall feares? What art thou other but a man cõdemn'd, expecting execution? And how is the bitternesse of thy death multiplied by the qualitie of thy feares? Were it a *sickenesse*, whose distraction tooke not away thy meanes of *preparation*, it were an easie *calamitie*: Were it a sickenesse whose contagion dissolv'd not the comfortable bands of sweet societie, it were but half a

miserie

iſerie: But as it is, ſudden, foli-
rie, incurable, What ſo terri-
le? What ſo comforles? Sinke
ot beneath thy fears my ſoul:
hy deliverance is Gods *Royal-*
ie, and under his wings is thy
lvation: In the midſt of danger
o danger ſhall befall thee.

Neither ſhall the plague come nigh thy dwelling. Pſal. 91. 10.

Whoſo dwelleth in the ſecret of the moſt high, ſhall abide in the ſhadow of the Almightie, Surely he will deliver thee from the ſnaires of the hunter, and from the noyſome Peſtilence: Hee will cover thee under his winges, and thou ſhalt be ſure under his feathers: His truth ſhalbe thy ſhield and thy Buckler. Pſal. 91. 3, 4, 5.

Thou ſhalt not be affraid of

the arrow that flyeth by day, nor of the peſtilence that walketh in darkneſſe, nor of the plague that deſtroyeth at noone-day. A thouſand ſhall fall at thy ſide, and ten thouſand at thy right hand, but it ſhall not come near thee. Pſal. 91. 1, 3, 4, 5.

O happie ſickneſſe, where the infirmitie is not to death, but to life, that God may be glorified by it! O hapie feaver that proceedeth not from a conſuming, but a calcining fire! O happie diſtemper wherin the ſoule reliſheth no earthly things, but onely ſavoureth divine nouriſhment! Giſten. in cap. Cant. Expoſe.

O wiſedome, with how ſweete an Art doth thy wine and oyle reſtore health to my healthles ſoul!

How

How powerfully mercifull, how mercifully powerfull art thou powerfull for me, mercifull to me.

HIS SOLILOQVY.

AND can the *noise* of death, O my soul, so fright thee in the street, and the *cause* of death not move thee in thy bosome? Shall *passing-bels* tolling for dying men afflict thee, and not the judgements of the living God affright thee? Shall the weekly *Bills* of a silly Parish-clarke more move thee then the sacred *Oracles* of an holy Minister? Shall the *Plague* inflicted upon others, more startle thee then manie plagues denounced upon thy selfe? Be wise my soule, a-

void the *Cauſe* & thou ſhalt prevent the effect: Be afraid of *ſin*, and thou needſt not fear the puniſhment. Feareſt thou the infection? flie from it: But whether? Vnder the wings of the Almightie: But thy ſins denie *protection* there: then naile them to thy Saviours *Croſſe*: Feareſt thou yet? O my ſoule, haſt thou ſo long ſubſiſted under thy own *protection*, and dareſt thou not venture under his! Can there bee a Sanctuary more *ſecure*? A protection more *ſafe*? Feareſt thou death under the *wings* of the God of life? Or danger, under the *ſhadow* of the Almightie? But the ſuddennesse of that death denies *preparation*: His *wings* continually prepare thee:

It

It baniſheth all friends, and in them my *comfort*: When thou haſt God thy *friend*, what comfort canſt thou want that may be found by Prayer.

HIS PRAYER.

LOrd, in whoſe hand are the keyes of life and death, in whom I live, move, and have my being, graciouſly incline thy tender eare, and mercifully hear the ſupplications of thy ſervant, who hath no hope, but in thy goodneſſe, and no comfort, but in thy promiſes. My heinous ſins, O God, have provoked thy heavy indignation, & I am humbly ſenſible of thy ſore diſpleaſure: Thy judgements are come abroad amongſt us, and the vials

of thy cōsuming wrath are powred out upon us: The sins of our Nation have cryed to thee for vengeance, & thou hast visited us with great mortality: thy people are poured out like water, & our land is become a land of mourning. Turn us, O Lord, that we may be turned: and magnifie thy mercy in our deliverance. Accept the sorrow and contrition of thy servants, and say unto thy Angel, It is enough. Be thou my Refuge and my Fortresse, O God, and give mee confidence to repose under the shaddow of the Almightie. Cover me, O Lord, with the feathers of thy wings, and let thy truth be my buckler, and my shield. Defend me frō the pestilence that walketh in darknesse: Deliver me

from destruction that wasteth at noone-day. Give thy Angels charge over me, to protect and guide me in all thy wayes. Prepare me, O Lord, against the houre of death, and strengthen my soul in the assurance of thy mercie: Humble my heart with the true sense of my trangressions, & work in my soul an unfeined repentance: Enlarge my eies, that I may weep day and night, for grieving & offending so gracious a Father: Wean me from the trust of all transitorie things, and let the worlds vanitie daily die in me. Take frō me the immederate fear of death, & triane me, O God, for the day of my dissolution: Instruct and rectifie my vaine desires, that all my

wishes may stand with thy will. In life be thou my Governour in death be thou my comfort, that living or dying, I may bee thine: Teach me by thy judgments, to hate sin, & let thy mercies breed in me a filiall love: be gracious to those whom thou hast markt for death, & seale in their hearts the assurance of thy favour, that being members of one bodie, we may rejoyce in one head, that having numbred our dayes in wisedome, we may be numbred with thy Saints in glory everlasting.

THE PERSECVTED Mans misery & reward.

ARe these the *graines* of godlinesse? Are these the

wages

wages of an holy life? Hath the ungrateful world none other thanks for Him that honours *his Creator*, but *scorne*, *contempt*, and *persecution*? Whilst I priz'd the world, I wanted nothing that the world cals *good*: Neglecting *honour* followed me: Vnsought for *pleasure* coveted me: Vnpurchased *fortunes* fell upon me: I could not wish that *happinesse* I had not: I could not want the happinesse earth had: Nothing was too *deare*: Nothing was too *precious*. Thus whilest I priz'd the *world*, the world priz'd me: If I were sad, her mirthfull *smiles* would chear me up: If sick, her mournfull sonnes would visite me: If wearie, her wanton *lappe* would

dandle

dandle mee: Where rockt into a *slumber*, I dreame all this was but a *dreame*, and waking, found it so: Not willing to be fed with *shadows*, I chang'd my thoughts, and my affections altered: And finding earth too *streight* for my desires, I cast mine eye to heaven, and after many conflicts betwixt my *members* and my *minde*, even there I fixt. The jealous earth grew angrie, frownd, and called mee Foole: withdrew her *honours*, with-held her *pleasures* recald her *favours*: and now I live despis'd contemnd, and poore. O sad condition of *mankinde!* How plausible are his wayes to *death* and how unpleasant are his paths to *life!* No sooner had I made a *Covenant* with

with my God, but the world made a Covenant against me, scandled my *name*, slanderd my *actions*, derided my *simplicity*, despild my *integrity*: for my *professions* sake I have been reproached, and the *Reproaches* of the world have fallen upon me: If I chastned my soule with *fasting*, it stilde me with the name of *Hypocrite*: If I reprove the *vanity* of the times, it derides me with the stile of *Puritane*: I am become a *stranger* to my brethren, and an *Alian* to my mothers sonne I goe mourning all the day long, and my bosome friends are estranged from me: They afflict my body with open *punishment*, and make a *pastime* of my:

affliction.

affliction They that sit in the Gate speak evill of me, and Drunkards make their Songs against me. But be not thou dismaid my soule, nor let the arme of flesh discourage thee: Thy *Persecutions* here, are nothing but the propheſies of a *Paradise* hereafter: He that is borne of the flesh, inherits the *pleasures* of the world: But thou that art born of the Spirit, heare what the Spirit saith,

Blessed are they that are persecuted for my Name sake, for theirs is the Kingdome of heaven Matth. 5.10.

Blessed are ye when man shall hate you, and seperate themselves from you, and shall revile you, and cast out your name as

evil

evill, for the Sonne of mans sake. Luke 6.22.

If yee suffer for Righteousnesse sake, happy are yee, and be not afraid of their terrour, neither be ye troubled. 1 Pet. 3.14.

Ye shall be hated of all men for my sake, but he that shall endure unto the end shall be saved. Matth. 10.22.

Every one that forsaketh lands, or brother, or sister, or father, or mother, for my sake shall receive an hundred fold, and shall inherit eternall life. Matth. 19.29.

We are inflicted by God, that our reward and crown may hereby be encreased: and as much as he addeth to our tribulation so much and more will he adde to

our

our retribution. Chryſoſt.

Our life is a warfare and this world a place of Maſteries, wherein the greateſt Garlands are alloted to them who ſuſtaine the greateſt labours: for by the ſmart of our ſtripes is augmented the glory of our reward.

Greg. Nyſſ. de prov.

God is all to thee: If thou be hungry he is bread: if thirſty, he is water: if in darkneſſe, he is light: if naked, he is a Robe of immortality. Aug in Ioh. ſer. 19

HIS SOLILOQVY.

HEE that ſhall weigh the *gaine* of Godlineſſe by the *Scales* of the world: or the pleaſures of the earth by the ballances of the Sanctuary, ſhall upon

a review, finde a bad *Market*. Thinkeſt thou my ſoule, to be made happie by the *ſmiles* of earth? or unhappy by her *frownes*? When ſhe fawnes upon thee, ſhe deludes thee: when ſhee kiſſes thee, ſhee betrayes thee: She brings the *Butter* in a Lordly diſh, & beares a *hammer* in her deadly hand: Truſt not her *flattery*, O my ſoul, nor let her *malice* move thee: Her Muſicke is thy *Magick*: Her ſweetneſſe is thy *ſnare*. She is the *high-way* to eternall death: If thou *love* her, thou haſt begun thy journey: If thou *honour* her, thou mendſt thy pace: If thou *obey* her: thou art at thy journeys end: When *ſhe* diſtaſts thee, *Chriſt* reliſhes in thee: whē ſhe

she *afflicts* thee, God *instructs* thee: When she locks her *Gates* against thee, heaven *opens* for thee: when she *disdaines* thee: God *honours* thee: when shee *forsakes* thee, he ownes thee: when she *persecutes* thee, hee crownes thee. Why art thou then disquieted my soule, and why is thy spirit troubled within thee: trust thou in him by *faith*. If thou want comfort, flee to to him by *Prayer*.

HIS PRAYER.

THou therefore, O most blessed and glorious Spirit in whose eyes the Saints are precious, who putteſt all their teares into thy Bottle, and in the middeſt of all their sor-

row

rowes ſendeſt comfort to thy Elect, behold my ſufferings, and regard my ſorrowes: Let not thine enemies triumph and make a ſcorne of him that feares thee: ſtrengthen mee, O GOD, to maintaine thy Cauſe, leſt they that perſecute mee thinke their is no God: Thou knoweſt my reproach and ſhame, and how they buffet me all the day long. Ariſe, O God, and plead thy cauſe, and let thē know that thou art God. Make me to hear the voyce of joy and gladnes, that the bones which they have broken may rejoyce. Let not the wicked have power over me, but graciouſly deliver me for the glory of thy name. Remove this bitter

cup

cup of affliction from me: But not my will, but thine be done. Give me patience to endure till thou art pleased to release me, and courage to beare what thy wisedome shall permit: Let not the vanities of the world deceive me, nor the corruptions of my flesh distrub me: Let not the suggestions of Sathan deter me, nor the threatning of mā divert me. Preserve my foot-steps in the wayes of thy Truth, and keepe me truely constant to the end: In all my afflictions keep me from murmuring, and let thy Grace bee sufficient for me. Season my heart with the sense of thy love, & strengthen my Faith in all my tryals: give me an inward thankfulnesse O God, that thou hast made

made mee worthie to ſuffer for thy Name. Cõvert my enemies, if they belong to thee: Be merciſull to them that hate me, & doe good thoſe that perſecute me. Open their eyes, that they may ſee thy Truth, and turne their hearts, that they may feare thy Name. In all my tribulations be not thou farre from me, and ſanctifie my great afflictions to me: Lord in the multitude of thy mercies hear me, & in the truth of thy ſalvation help me: that I confeſſing thee here before the children of men with undaunted reſolutions, I may be enrold in the Kingdome of Grace, by thy goodnes, and hereafter raign in the Kingdome of Glory in thy Eternity.

THE

THE SINNERS AC. *compt* and *Quietus est.*

HOw I can flatter my own *destruction*, and with the common streame of fraile mortality run into the *dead sea* of everlasting death! how soundly I can sleep in the wanton lap of treacherous *Security*, untill I wake disarmd of all my *strength* and turne a prey to that false *philistine* that seeks my soule! When I call to minde the *course* that I have runne, and set to view the steps that I have trod, how easily can I excuse my failings, and set them on the score of miserable *Adam*? But when I seriously consider whose *Law* I have offended, and strictly examine

mine my *actions* by that Law, and *justlie* proportion my punishment to those actions: O then I stand and tremble, and am swallowed up with *despaire* O then my sinnes appeare too great for pardon, and my punishment too great for *patience*. Which way soever I turne, I turne to my disquite: Look where I will, I view my owne discomfort: Look up, I see a dreadfull *God*: Look downe, I see a direfull *Devill*: Look forwards, I see a *Roll* of sinnes: Look backwards, I see a roaring *Conscience*: Look on my right hand, I see my bold *Presumption*: look on my left hand, I see my base *despaire*: Look within me, I see nothing but

Cor-

Corruption: Look about mee, I see nothing but *Confusion*. I have sinned upon *ignorance*, ignorance will not excuse mee I I have sinned upon *weakneſſe*, weakneſſe will not plead for me: I have sinned againſt my *conſcience*, my conſcience will accuſe me: I have sinned againſt the *Law*, the Law cõdemnes me. What canſt thou ſay my ſoule, that *Sentence* of death ſhould not be given againſt thee? Can the *voyce* of thy ſorrow out-cry the *Language* of thy ſin? Can the *teares* of thine eye ſcoure the *ſtaines* of thy ſoule? Can the *ſighs* of a finite Creature, ſatiſfie for the *offences* againſt an infinite Creator? Or art thou able to endure the puniſhments of *Enter-*

nitie?

nitie? He that made thee, without thee, wil not save thee without thee: And what canst thou do towards thy own salvation? Prostrate thy selfe, my soul; Behold thy *misery*, and bewail thy self: Renounce thy selfe, abhorre thy selfe: Flee to the Hornes of the *Altar*, and call for the promise of mercie, in which thou mayest finde comfort.

If the wicked shall turn from all his sins that hee hath committed, and keepe all my statutes, and doe that which is lawfull and right, he shall surely live, hee shall not die. Ezek. 18. 21.

Repent ye therfore, & be converted, that your sins may be blotted out, when the times of refreshing shall come from the presence of the Lord. Acts 3. 19.

The Lord is long-suffering towards us, not willing that anie should perish, but that all should come to repentance. 2. Pet. 3. 9.

As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked, but that the wicked turne from his way, and live: Turne ye, turne yee from your evil wayes, for why will yee die, O house of Israel. Ezek. 33. 11.

Lord, though I have done that for which thou mightest justly damne me, yet thou canst not lose that whereby thou mayst save me: Thou wilt not sweet Iesus, so much remember thy justice against the sinner, as thy benignity towards thy creature: Thou canst forget the insolence of the provoker and wilt in mercy behold the miserie of the invoker: For what is Iesus but a Sovioar. Augustine.

My sins plead against me, but my Saviour is my Advocate: It is much that my rebellions have deserved, but it is more that my Redeemer hath merited: So that, though my flesh hath provoked thee to vengeance: Yet the flesh of Christ can move thee to mercy: And though my sinnes have done much against thee, thou wilt have respect to what thy Son hath done for me, and forgive my transgressions. Anselm.

HIS SOLILOQVY.

AN humble *Confidence* is the Meane betwixt the two *Extreames*, Presumption and Despaire: That usurps *Gods mercy* upon false grounds: This excludes it, and all meanes to it:

The first takes away the sense of sin, the last blocks up the way to *pardon*: Take heed, O my dejected soule, plunge not thy selfe in that sad gulph, lest (wanting bottome) thou sinke for ever: Swim not without *bladders*, lest thou tire: having fastned one eye upon the *uglinesse* of thy sin, fix the other upon the *merites* of a Saviour: So when thou discoverest the *disease*, thy disease will discover a *remedie*. When the *fiery* Serpent hath stung thee, the *brazen* Serpent must heale thee. Nothing, O my soule, makes thy sin too great for Mercie but *despaire*: This onely excludes *Repentance*, and Impenitence alone makes thee uncapable of *Pardon*. He that hath promised forgivenesse at thy *Repentance*, hath

hath not promiſed Repentance at thy pleaſure. Haſte therefore, O my ſoule, and reconcile thee to thy God, *to day*, leſt it ſhould prove too late *to morrow* Turne thy hand from thy *preſent* ſinne, and God will turne his eyes from thy *paſt* ſinne: Cry aloud, and ſpare not, leſt thy ſinne cry aloud, and he ſpare not: Let thy *Confeſſion* finde a tongue, and his *Compaſſion* will finde an eare.

HIS PRAYER.

O God, that art in thy ſelfe moſt glorious, but in thy Sonne moſt gracious: to the rebellious, terrible, but to the penitent, merciful: I the work of thy own hands, but wholly disfram'd by

mine own corruptions, humbly proſtrate my ſinfull ſelfe before the footſtoole of thy mercy ſeat, totally miſerable through my ſins, but truely penitent for mine offences, Lord, if thou ſhouldeſt proceed againſt mee in thy juſtice, my portion would bee no leſſe, then eternall death: But thy delight is rather to extend thy mercy in the cõverſion of a ſoul, then exerciſe thy juſtice in the confuſion of a ſinner: Bow down therefore thy gracious eare to a poore wretch that ſtands trembling before the barre of thy Juſtice, and from thence preſumes to appeale to the ſeat of thy mercy: I know, O God, my iniquities are greater then my knowledge, but yet thy mercy is greater then my iniquities: I know moreover

over that thou art most just, but in shewing mercy, thy justice wil be no loser. Lord, I am miserable, therefore a fit object for thy mercie: Lord, I am penitent, and therefore a proper subject for thy pittie: For I know thou art a gracious God, of long suffrance, & slow to anger, else had I now beene roaring under thy justice, that am here suing for my mercie. Lord, I acknowledge my transgressions, and my sin is ever before me; the number of them is innumerable, and the burthen of them is intollerable: I have sinned against a just God, I have sinned against a gracious Father: I therefore flee from thee as a sharp revenger, and to thee as a sweet Redeemer. Remember not thy justice towards a sinner,

but think upon thy benignity toward thy Creature. Have respect to what thy Son hath done for me, and forget what my sins hath done against me: Wash my guiltinesse in his bloud, & in the multitude of thy cõpassions behold the multitude of my transgressions. Pardon what is past, & arme me for the time to come, that being purged from my sins, and cleansed from my offences, I may be cloathed hereafter with the robes of grace, and crown'd hereafter with a crown of glory.

THE SINNERS THIRST And Draft.

LOe, I that like the *Prodigall* had once the freedome of my Fathers *Table*, could now be satis-

ſatisfied with the *crums* beneath it: I that could cloath mee with change of garments frō my Fathers *Ward-robe*, could now be thankfull but for *Ragges* to hide my nakednes: I that forſook him like a diſobedient ſon, would now hold it an happines to be his meaneſt *ſervant*. What ſhall I do? Or whither ſhall I go? By whoſe *Charitie* ſhal I ſubſiſt: My weaknes will not give me leave to work: My *unworthineſſe* will not ſuffer me to appear, nor have I a friend to help me. I that have renounced my *Father*, have made my ſelf no *ſon*, being no ſon, how dare my boldneſſe call him *Father*? I have offended him, and who ſhall reconcile us? I have grieved him, and who ſhal make my peace? I have forſaken him,

and who shal restore me to him? Can I expect a *Blessing* from him I have offended? Can I presume of *favour* from him I have so grieved? Can I deserve a Birth-right from him I have forsaken? O my soule, how! How hast thou beslaved thy self, and lost that *freedome*, without the enjoyment, whereof thou art utterly lost? Thou hast lost that Father that was wont to *blesse* thee: Thou hast left that Lord that was pleased to *govern* thee: Thou hast renounc'd that Saviour that *redeemed* thee, and only hast reserv'd a God to punish thee, a Judge to *sentence* thee: Thou hast lost those *blessings* by thy contempt, which thou canst not regaine with the price of thy *teares*: Thou hast

quencht

quencht that *Spirit*, whereby thou hadst the power to quench the fierie *darts* of Sathan: Thou hast diverted the current of that *Fountaine*, whose water satisfied thy full desires: O my sad soule, how! how wert thou distemper'd, that couldst not relish that which nourisht Angels into *immortalitie*! Why didst thou not inebriate thy selfe with that delicious *sweetnesse*, and Arke it up like *Israels Manna* to remain with thee and thy succeeding Generations? O that mine eyes could teach those blessed *streams* to run, which my ungreatfulnesse hath stopt! Or that my prayers could like *Eliahs* unlock the gates of Heaven, and bring downe those celestiall *showers*, to slake my thirst! that I may drinke

drinke my fill of that immortall *water*: Take comfort, O my soul, thy God hath heard thy prayers, and crown'd them with this promise.

I wil give to him that is a thirst, of the fountain of the water of life to drink freely. Revel. 21. 6.

Blessed are they that hunger and thirst for Righteousnesse sake for they shall be filled. Mat. 5. 6.

But whosoever drinketh of this water, that I shall give him, shall never be more a thirst: but the water which I shall give him shall be in him a water springing up into eternal life Ioh. 4. 14.

If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink: hee that beleeveth in me, out of his belly shall flow Rivers of living water. John 7. 37.

Let

Let him that is a thirſt, and whoſoever will: let him take the water of life freely. Revel. 22. 17.

O fountaine of life, and veine of living waters, when ſhall I leave this forſaken, impaſſible, and dry earth, and taſte the waters of thy ſweetneſſe, that I may behold thy vertue and thy glory, and ſlake my thirſt with the ſtreames of thy mercy? Lord, I thirſt, thou art the ſpring of life, ſatisfie me: I thirſt, Lord, I thirſt after thee the living God. Auguſt. Soliloquie. 35.

O precious water, which quencheth the noyſome thirſt of this world, that ſcoureth all the ſtaines of ſinners, that watereth the earth of our ſouls with heavenly ſhoures, and bringeth backe the thirſty heart of man to his onely God! Cyri. lib. 5. in Ioh. cap. 10.

HIS SOLILOQVY.

IT is leſſe danger to want then to be *unſenſible* of thy wants: Doſt thou want, my ſoule? deſire: Doſt thou deſire? aſk: Doſt thou aſk? thou ſhalt receive: and what thou ſhalt receive, ſhal ſatisfie thee. Be not troubled: If thy wants caſt thee downe, let thy deſires raiſe thee up. Shall thy naturall wants be confident of ſupply from thy *naturall* father, & ſhal thy ſpirituall defects deſpaire to be repaired by thy *ſpirituall* father? How doſt thou injure *providence*, O my diſtruſtfull ſoul! How doſt thou wrong the God of mercy! How ſlight the God of Truth! Hee that heares the cry of *Ravens*, and feeds them with a gracious hand will

wil he be deafe to thee? He that robes the *Lillies* of the field, that neither ſue nor care to be apparreld, will he deny thee thoſe *Graces*, he hath commanded thee to aske? Art thou hungry? he is the bread of life: Art thou thirſty? he is the water of of life: Art thou naked? flie to him, and hee will give thee the *Righteouſneſſe* of his owne Sonne. Build upon his *Promiſe*, who is Truth it ſelfe: Rely on his *Mercy* who is goodneſſe it ſelfe: Art thou a *Prodigall?* yet remember thou art a *Sonne*: Is he *offended?* he will not forget, he is a Father: Come therefore with a filiall boldneſſe, and he will grant thy hearts deſire.

HIS PRAYER.

O God that art the welspring of all Grace, and the fountaine of all Goodnesse whose promises are faithfull, & whose word is truth, who heareſt the ſighing of a contrite heart and healeſt the ruptures of an humble ſpirit, I here invited by thy mercies and thy gracious commands, proſtrate my ſelf before thee, and preſent unto thee the ſad petitions of a penſive breaſt I have ſinned O Lord, I have ſinned againſt heaven, and againſt thee, and am no longer worthy to be called thy Sonne I have caſt off the yoake of my obedience, I have broken the bands of thy Covenant, and caſt them farre from me: I have ſinned againſt thy mercies, & have

ſpurn'd

ſpurn'd againſt thy judgment: Thy judgments have neither terrified, nor thy mercies molified me: but I acknowledge my tranſgreſſions, and my ſins are ever before me. Remember not the frailteis of my youth, O God, nor the follies of myelder dayes Remember not how I have forgotten thee: Remember not how I have forſaken thee. Cloſe thou thine eyes at my rebellion, & open thine ears at my repentance: Be mercifull, O God, at my contrition: A broken heart, O God, thou wilt not deſpiſe: Renew me according to the abundance of thy mercies, & reſtore me to the joy of thy ſalvation: Eſtabliſh my heart in the love of thy truth, and increaſe in me a Spirituall Thirſt: Make mee to under-

understand the way of thy Precepts, and let thy Testimonies be my whole delight: As the Hart panteth after the Water Brookes, so my soul longeth for the Well-springs of Life: Lord thou hast promised to answer those that call unto thee, to be found by those that seek unto thee, and to satisfie those that thirst after thee. Make good thy word, O God, and heare my prayer: Make good thy promise, Lord, and bee not farre from me: I have sought thee in thy promise, let mee finde thee in thy performance; I have thirsted for thy Grace, O fill me with thy goodnesse: Open thy Well-springs that I may drink freely of the waters of life, that my soule being satisfied

tisfied in the fulnes of thy pleasures, my mouth may be filled with the sound of thy praises, that here magnifying thy Name in the Kingdome of Grace, I may raigne with thee hereafter in the kingdome of Glorie.

THE GOOD MANS Distrust and Satisfaction.

WHen I consider the *Al-sufficiencie* of my God, I dare not question the performance of his *Promise*: but when I behold the insufficiency of my selfe, I cannot but feare the promises of his *performance*. When I behold in Him the goodnesse of a *Father*, my heart growes confident, and I cannot fear: But when I finde in me the disobedience of a *Sonne*, my

soule growes conscious, and I dare not hope: When I dive into the depth of my own *misery*, I search further, and finde a greater depth of his *mercy*, and am secure: But when I finde the freenesse of his *mercy* requited with the wilfulnesse of my *Rebellion*: O then my soule despaires, and thus destroyes the *grounds* of all my comfort. He invites my laden soule to come, and offers *rest*. Alas I come, and yet my laden soule can finde no *ease*: He promises eternall life to Beleefe, but yet hee giveth mee not the power to beleeve: He bids me in his name propound my wants, with promise of supply: and yet I sue, and sue, and still I sue in vain: He promises a Comfor-

ter

ter to ſtrengthen my Remembrance: yet ſtill my treacherous memory failes me: Hee promiſes to be a father to the fatherleſſe: yet ſtill my wants perſwade me that I want a father: He promiſes audience in my time of trouble: and yet I call unheard, and mourn without redreſſe: He promiſes forgiveneſſe to the true repentant, but who ſhall give me power to repent? He promiſes to gather me in mercy, though a while forſaken: yet I have long expected, with a fruſtrate expectation: He promiſes an exaltation to him that is humbled: yet my dejected heart is ſtill ſuppreſt: He promiſed freedome from the ſecond death, to him that conquers: I ſtrive to o-

ver-

vercome, yet feele a hell: His promise was to guard his Vineyard, and to dresse it: yet Foxes stroy it, and the wild Bore supplants it: He promised comfort to all those that mourn: and yet I mourn without a comforter: He promised, that the womans seed should break the Serpents head: and yet the Serpent never was more strong: He bid me seek, and I should finde: and yet alas I seek, but can find nothing but my wants: He calls them Blessed that suffer for his Name: yet who more miserable? Hee promises the Springs of life to him that thirsts: and yet I thirst to death: My soule, what are his promises to thee, that are not able to perform those hard conditions that gives thee *interest*

reſt to thoſe promiſes? Chear
p my ſoul, and what thou canſt
ot doe, endeavour: He that ac-
epts the *will* for the *deed* is in
is promiſe. Yea, and Amen.

Heaven and earth ſhall paſſe
way, but not one tittle of my
ord. Mark. 13. 31.

Bleſſed be the Lord, that hath
iven Reſt unto his people, ac-
ording unto all that he hath
romiſed. There hath not failed
ne word of all his good promi-
s, which he hath promiſed. 1.
ings 8. 56.

For all the Promiſes of God
him are Yea, and in him A-
en, 2. Cor. 1. 20.

I have ſworn by my ſelfe, the
ord is gone out of my mouth
righteouſneſſe, and ſhall not
turn. Iſay 45. 23.

know

Know then, that there shall fall to the ground nothing of the word of the Lord. 2 Kings 10. 10.

For ever O Lord, thy word is settled in heaven. Psal. 119. 89

Feare not, O Bride, nor despaire: think not thy selfe contemned, if thy Bridegrom withdraw his face awhile. All things co-operate for the best: both from his absence and his presence thou gaineſt light. Hee commeth to thee, he goeth from thee: he commeth to make thee consolate: he goeth to make thee cautious, lest thy abundant consolation puffe thee up: he commeth, that thy languishing soule may be comforted: he goth, lest his familiarly should bee contemned, and being absent to be more de-

desired

fired: & being desired, to be more earnestly sought; and being long sought to bee more acceptable found Authr. scala. Paradisi Tom. 9 Aug. cap. 8.

O my soul, stampt with the image of thy God, love him of whom thou art so much beloved; Chuse this friend above all my friends: who, when all are taken away, remaineth only faithful unto thee. In the day of thy burial, when all forsake thee, he wil neither leave thee nor deceive thee, but mightily defend thee frō the roaring Lions prepared for their prey. Aug. manu.

HIS SOLILOQVY.

VVIlt thou never, O my distrustfull soule, submit thy will unto his *will* that made thee? Must his goodnesse

be alwayes the *circumference* of thy desires, and thy pleasure still the *Center*? Is it not enough that *Yea* and *Amen* hath promised, the *substance* of thy happinesse, but must thou binde him to thy *circumstances*? Shal the power of an infinite *Creator* be confin'd to the pleasure of a finite *Creature*. Stand not in thy own light my soule: the *independance* of thy exorbitant desires, shuts the doore upon that *happinesse* thou desirest: Art thou covetous of a *blessing* before thou art qualified to receive it! He that intends thee a *kingdome*, will first make thee capable of a kingdome: Thou that shalt be a *gainer* by his favour, shall be no *loser* by his delay: canst thou hope to be filled with the

the *water* of life, not first purgd with the *fire* of Affliction? How often hast thou murmur'd for that which if enjoy'd, had been thy ruine; God hath promised, but hath delayed performance to exercise thy *patience*: He hath decreed, but yet forbears, to rectifie thy *faith*: If *Faith* be able to remove Mountaines, endeavour to remove thy infidelitie: Endure hope, beleeve, & he that comes, will come, and will not tarry. O my soule as nothing hinders the performance of his *Promise* but distrust, so nothing hastens the promise of his Performance but thy Prayer.

HIS PRAYER.

O God that art all-sufficient in thy selfe, all gracious

ous in thy Sonne, most absolute in thy purposes: and most faithfull in thy promises, I the miserable object of thy mercy, here humbly present my selfe before thee, the mercifull beholder of my misery: Lord wherein have I to trust but in thy mercies? and whereupon have I to build but on thy promises? Every sin is full of death, and every action is full of sinne, insomuch that my whole life is nothing but a continued rebellion against thee But, O my God, thy goodnesse is like thy selfe, infinite: and thy mercie is past my comprehending: Thou knowest that I am evill, and wholly evil, and that continually: Thou knowest I am but dust and ashes, and the verie off-spring of corruption, and thy glory is no lesse

nified in my confusion, then
y salvation: but Lord, thou
gracious God, and takest no
sure in the death of a distres-
inner Thy mercy is over all
works, & thy goodnes is frō
eration to generation. When
s in open Rebellion against
, thou reconciledst thy selfe
ne: when I was utterly lost,
u, redeemedst me with the
cent blood of thy dear Son:
being redeemed, thou hast
tified me with the freenesse
hy Spirit: thou hast raised me
hy power, & strengthned me
hy promises. What shal I re-
thee, O my God for thy in-
nerable mercies? Or what
de of recompence can dust &
es make thee? My tongue shal
the wonders of thy godnes,
raise thy Name for ever and

ever. Continue, O Lord, th
mercy to me and visit me acco
ding to thy wonted kindnes
Give me a wise heart, that I m
give respect unto all thy Co
mandments, & a full confiden
in all thy promises: Quicken m
hope in the expectation of th
performance, and give me pat
ence till then to attend thy le
sure: Lord, where I cannot u
derstand, O teach me to wo
der: and what I cannot do
give me power to beleeve: L
not the apparition of my own
corruptions plunge me in d
spaire, nor let the sense of th
indulgent love give me occa
on to presume, that living h
in the expectation to thy Tru
my hopes may be perfected t
the glory of thy Name.

FINIS.